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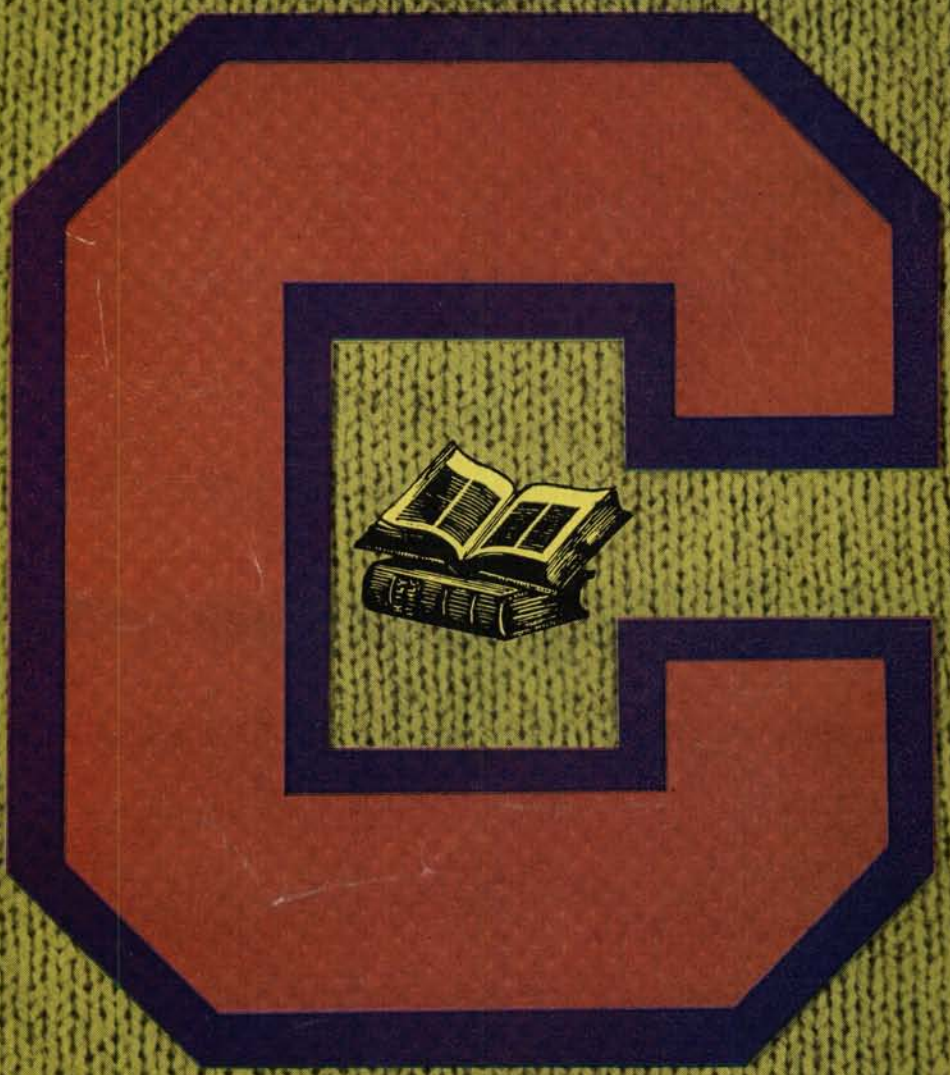
MARCH 12, 1968

...l Khesanh Decide
...he War in Vietnam?
—see page 231

NATIONAL REVIEW



What's wrong with American Colleges?

FRANCIS J. BROWN – RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

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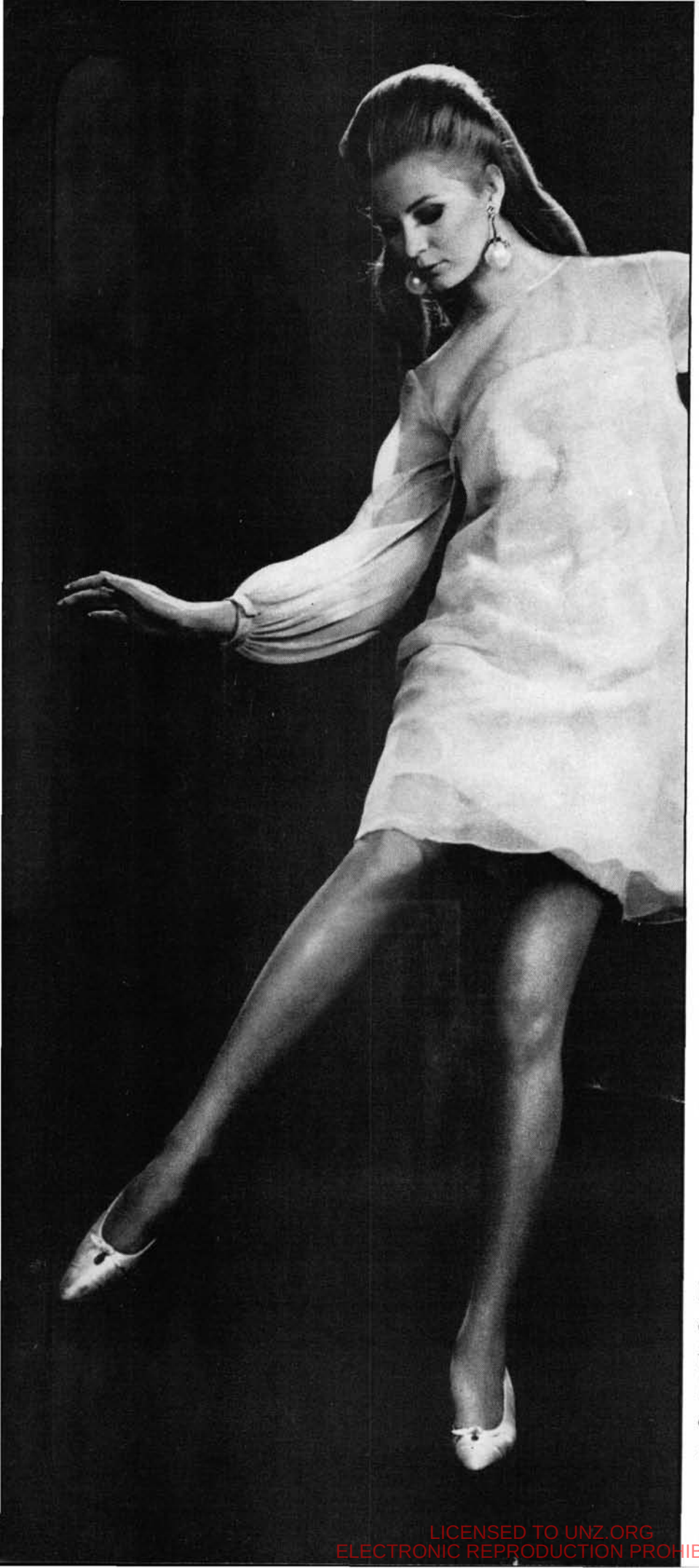

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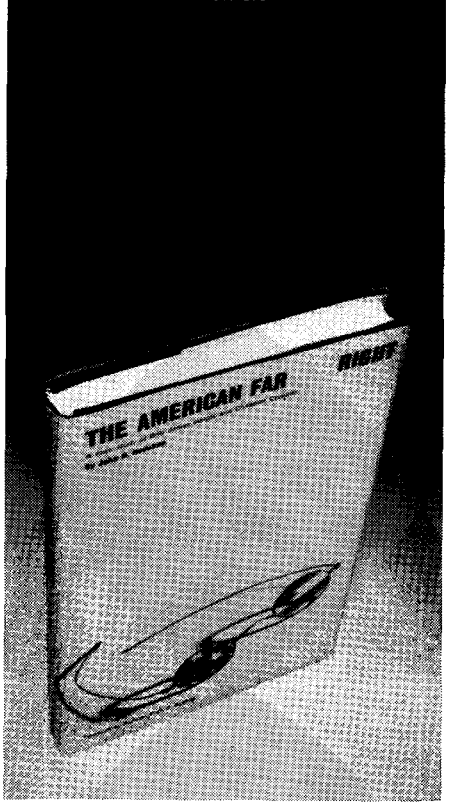

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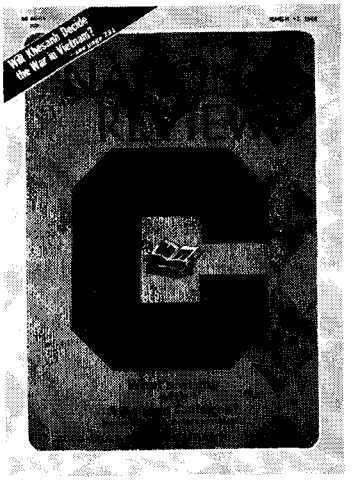
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ **Francis J. Brown** and **Richard Kostelanetz** open up two neglected areas of controversy on the much-vexed subject of American higher education. First, there is the question of the state-supported institution and its all but monopolistic control of the education tax dollar. This unfair advantage, says Professor Brown, makes it hard for those citizens who dissent from the state-supported educational philosophies to get the kind of education they want. Professor Brown teaches economics at DePaul University in Chicago, whence he has sponsored a resolution on the inequitable tax before the AAUP, and publishes a private newsletter, *The Parents Speak*. . . . What price an M.A.? Or yet a Ph.D.? The higher the education the lower the spirits, and the level of scholarship is sinking fast, too. Richard Kostelanetz writes about American graduate school education with authority, having studied extensively here and abroad, at Brown University (honors in American Civilization), Columbia (M.A., American History, 1966), and King's College, University of London, on a Fulbright. He has also received Pulitzer and Guggenheim Fellowships and is the editor of the newly published anthology, *The Young American Writers* (Funk & Wagnalls). This is his first appearance in *NR*. . . . Britain invented economics, but America invented John Kenneth Galbraith, whose influence is now greater outside the profession than within it. His contributions are summarized by the noted British economist **Colin Clark**, Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics, Oxford. . . . Mr. Clark's compatriot **Ferdinand Mount**, now with the *Daily Mail*, takes a Swiftian plunge into new legislation making Britain's happy few happier and fewer.



➔ The M'Naghten decision, which in 1843 freed Daniel M'Naghten from the gallows only to incarcerate him for life in an insane asylum, turns up in two new books examining the value of psychiatric testimony in criminal law. They are reviewed by **Thomas S. Szasz** M.D., Professor of Psychiatry at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse, and author of *The Myth of Mental Illness* and *Psychiatric Justice*. . . . **George Fielding Eliot** is the author of over a dozen books on military strategy, including *Victory Without War*. . . . The "impenetrably abstruse" Ludwig Wittgenstein is a myth, writes poet and critic **Guy Davenport**, who makes the great philosopher delightful to read about, as man and thinker. . . . **Francis Russell** faced the Cinerama version of *Far From the Madding Crowd* with a plastic flight bag but came away pacified. Mr. Russell, incidentally, whose biography of Warren Harding has been placed under a restraining order from the Harding heirs, is now filing suit. His counsel is F. Lee Bailey. . . . And we welcome back to the editorial section **C. D. Batchelor**, his broken wrist now having mended. ➔

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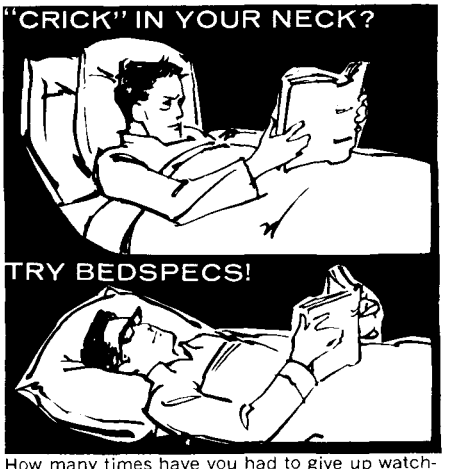

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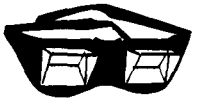

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LETTERS

Ships at Sea

Re: your editorial, "Crisis in Korea," in the February 13 issue.

There is one glaring aspect of the *Pueblo* mess which you fail to consider: that is that the ship's position at the time of capture and her movements for several days prior thereto have never been clearly established as being outside the territorial waters of North Korea. While you do not address this unknown quantity in your editorial, it is apparent that you are sure that *Pueblo* was captured on the high seas outside North Korea's territorial limit of twelve miles. Having figured this out (all by yourselves, I presume), you proceed to discuss hypothetical forms of retaliation which could not be contemplated by a rational government unless it was an irrefutable fact that *Pueblo* was *outside* the twelve-mile limit when captured and had never violated that limit during her operations.

Treasure Island, Cal. HUGH M. HAMILTON

It seems to be established, and generally granted, that the Pueblo *was outside the twelve-mile limit when seized, though it is obscure whether it had been inside earlier. In any case, it is a formalist illusion to suppose that this had a significant bearing on what happened. Normal procedure in the event of violation of the limit, as provided in relevant regulations, treaties and agreements, would have been an escort to the high seas, a protest and perhaps a claim for indemnity, not conceivably the piratical incarceration—and God knows what else —of crew and ship.* —ED.

In The Week, in your February 13, 1968, edition, you wonder "what the Israelis were doing in an armed submarine sixty miles east of Cyprus."

There is little to wonder about the presence of the Israeli submarine *Dakar* in the eastern Mediterranean. As was widely reported at the time, this vessel was on its delivery voyage to Israel from Britain, where it had been purchased and modified. The submarine, incidentally, was not armed but completely light, as all its armaments, including torpedoes, had been sent on to Israel by surface vessels, and were to have been installed at its new home port.

The *Dakar* was one of two submarines purchased from Britain. Its sister vessel followed it a few days later and arrived safely in Haifa. HUGH ORGEL

Consultant General of Israel

New York, N.Y. Consul—Press,

Hart on Hume

O frabjous day! Callooh, callay! Jeffrey Hart's "David Hume and Skeptical Conservatism" [*NR*, Feb. 13] came as an extremely welcome surprise. Being a skeptic myself, I long ago left the fold of orthodox religion; and, even after being converted to conservatism, I cannot abandon my agnosticism. Hence I am delighted to see *NR* giving its imprimatur to an article which praises the skeptic's viewpoint as "an old and, in its heart, aristocratic tradition," and asks that it be given "an honorable place" in conservative thought.

I, for one, am sick and tired of hearing the phrase "godless Communism" bandied about. Its absurd implication is that the enemy is wicked *because* he is godless. It never seems to occur to anyone that Bolshevism would be just as hideous if it were theistic: it would "justify" its atrocities as the will of God, exactly as Christians did in the Spanish Inquisition and the Thirty Years' War. There are plenty of godless *anti*-Communists who abhor such "deities" as Lenin, Ho Chi Minh, and Chairman Mao.

Like George Santayana, I am prepared to give aid and comfort to ancient faiths, even though I cannot accept them myself. Their doctrines are not literally true, but they contain much that is mythically true, as well as esthetically pleasing. Since most people cannot be expected to come any nearer the truth, I feel they cannot go awfully far wrong by clinging to traditional religion. Voltaire's advice to "crush the infamous thing" should be regarded with extreme skepticism.

Portland, Ore. DAVID HOLMBERG

There is one passing implication in Jeffrey Hart's admirable article on David Hume that I believe to be in error, and important enough to deserve correction. Prof. Hart, discussing Hume's "thorough-going empiricism," asks (rhetorically): "If you cannot weigh it or measure it, Hume asked in effect, what are you talking about?" This presumes Hume's answer to be, "Nothing—your talk is meaningless." But Hume's empiricism was *more* thorough-going than this, and the ancestor not only of logical empiricism and logical positivism (which might answer so, if "weigh it and measure it" is taken as shorthand for "deal with it through scientific method") but also of the radically empirical component in phenomenology and existentialism. Hume does not deny "the reality of the given" —of what he directly perceives; that indeed is his starting point. What he is asserting about "natural law," "cause" and other concepts of that sort is that they are *not* "given" and cannot be validly demonstrated from what is given.

Kent, Conn. JAMES BURNHAM

The 'Politics of Emptiness'

James Fletcher's excellent analysis of the radical and leftist non-solutions to America's problems in the issue of February 13 is both true, and articulately stated. The oft-repeated connection between the Vietnamese war and the situation in the slums and Appalachia has struck me as contrived. But I do not think that it is solidly a "New Left" piece of propaganda. In fact, much of the opposition to the war of the Fulbright-McCarthy brand seems to have roots in old-fashioned American isolationism. The idea of solving problems at home and neglecting or ignoring commitments and threats abroad is certainly not new. We have previously "stayed at home" as Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia expanded abroad. To me, isolationism, whether 1940 or 1968, will always be the epitome of the "politics of emptiness."

New York, N.Y. SARA RIVKAH DUKER

Honors at MSU

Mr. Russell Kirk, in his column "From the Academy" [Feb. 27], attacks Michigan State University in a manner that shows only his ignorance of the "recruitment" policies of American colleges.

I myself am a National Merit Scholarship Finalist and although I must admit that I have received correspondence, which I requested, I have also received unsolicited literature from eleven other colleges, including Columbia, Northwestern, and the Naval Academy at Annapolis, none of which are, to use Mr. Kirk's term, second-rate schools.

Mr. Kirk also seems to think that MSU is offering superior students the chance to graduate with a minimum of work. Rather, the purpose of the Honors College is to provide a situation which makes certain that students of high ability constantly are challenged by the most advanced work for which each is ready. In order to be considered for admission to the Honors College, one must attain sophomore standing with a minimum grade point average of 4.00 (4.00 is A), and maintain an average of 3.20 once he is admitted. Once one is a member of the Honors College, the normal requirements for graduation, if approved by a student's personal adviser, may be waived so that his program may be designed uniquely for him, including independent research and graduate-level courses for undergraduate students.

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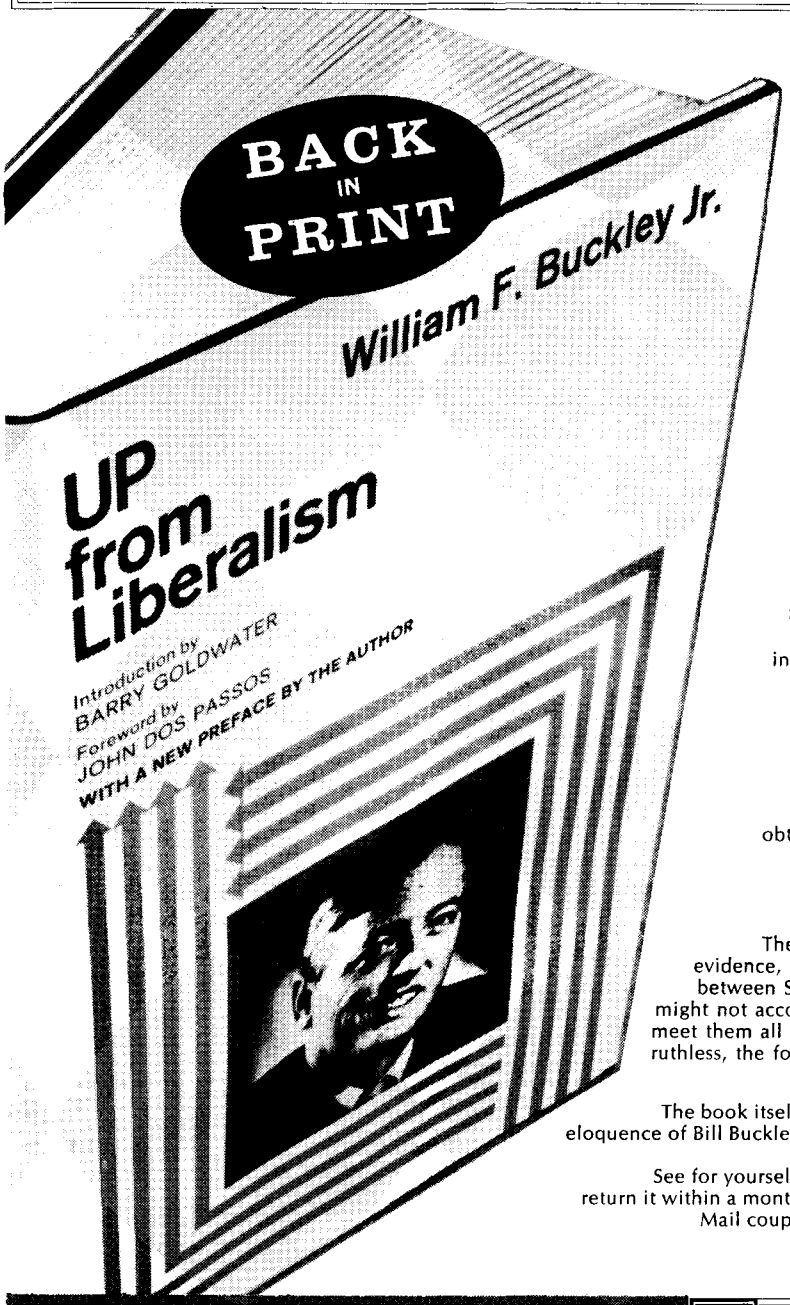
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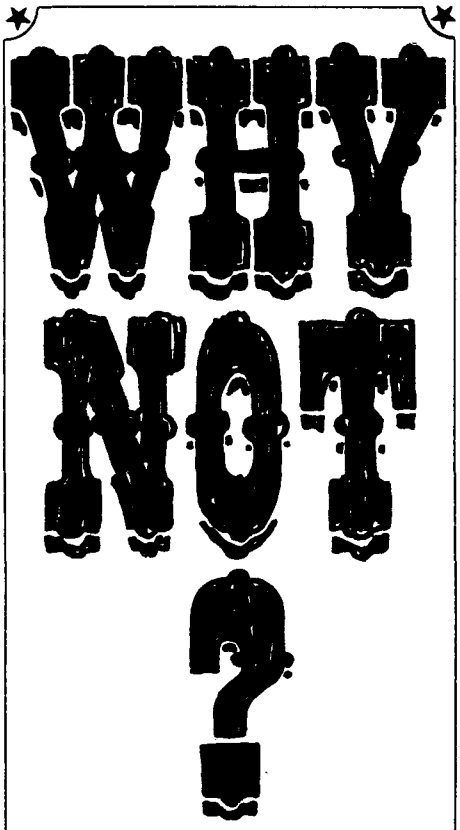

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The Case of Dr. Gilbaugh

You are to be complimented for giving national coverage to the case of Dr. John W. Gilbaugh through Russell Kirk's excellent article in the February 13 issue of your magazine. You rightly depict his "demotion" from the Deanship at San Jose State College to a professorship of education there as an injustice that sadly reflects on the moral deterioration within the State Colleges of California and elsewhere also.

As a faculty colleague of Dr. Gilbaugh and as one who served under Dean Gilbaugh as a department head for many years, I believe I am in a position to say that Mr. Kirk's article accurately represents the Gilbaugh case for what it is—a shocking injustice to a man whose tenure as Dean of the College was marked by conscientious and efficient work during his seven years in that position.

San Jose, Cal. FREDERICK C. DOMMEYER

Thank you, indeed, for the Russell Kirk story. If any readers of *NR* wish to assist Dr. Gilbaugh by contributions to help defray the costs of his legal battle, please make checks payable to his attorney, Quentin H. Smith, and mail to The Committee for Academic Responsibility, P.O. Box 921, San Jose, Cal. 95108.

We believe that what Mr. Nader has become to the automobile manufacturing industry, Dr. Gilbaugh is rapidly becoming to public higher education in this country.

M. O. MOORE, M.D.
Chairman, Committee for
Los Gatos, Cal. Academic Responsibility

Welfare and Charity

Mr. Kurt V. Leininger in his letter published in the February 13 NATIONAL REVIEW, presents a title that almost demands an essay on the subject: "But are freedom and material welfare always incompatible?"

One might also suggest the question, "Which is the more important, freedom or material. . . ." —which raises the question: On what grounds is the availability of materials (food, drink, housing, etc.) designated "welfare"? Is not spiritual "welfare" more important than material wealth? To me it is.

How can the widow's mite be given by the widow as charity if Big Brother is thrusting wealth on her? How can the rich man be charitable if Big Brother deprives him, under threat of fines and imprisonment, of his wealth?

New York, N.Y. FREDERICK W. TURNBULL

Percy and the Primary

The January 30 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW has recently been brought to my attention. I quote: "Charles Percy says if Rockefeller doesn't enter [the primary in] Oregon, he may have to himself, in major effort to stop Nixon."

I have never made such a statement.

I knew you would want the opportunity to clear up this misconception.

CHARLES H. PERCY
Washington, D.C. United States Senator

NR's story was based on the following report by James F. Clarity in the New York Times, *Jan. 12, 1968: "In recent weeks, Oregon's leading Republicans—Gov. Tom McCall and Senator Mark O. Hatfield—as well as Senator Charles H. Percy of Illinois and Representative Melvin R. Laird of Wisconsin, have said that Mr. Rockefeller should run in the Oregon primary. . . . Mr. Percy was reported to have told political intimates that if Mr. Romney failed to make a strong showing against Mr. Nixon and Mr. Rockefeller did not enter the Oregon contest, he would enter it himself."*

—ED.

Burnham and the Deficit

In James Burnham's "You Asked For It, Charlie" [*NR*, Jan. 30], he defends America's action in rebuilding war-torn Europe and rightly so. However, when our assistance to others is magnified to

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ıch proportions that it creates un-ealthy economic conditions which can ead only to global catastrophe, there an be no justification for defense of ıch irresponsible money management nd neither is there cause to rationalize y blaming "Charlie."

Mr. Burnham intimates that one should ejoice with pride in our deficit. But ıis would be only neurotic pride. It ollows from his logic that we Ameri-ans should rejoice in the controls hich are planned in travel, trade and ı whatever our money-mismanagers emand for us to drown our sorrows, or these are the fruits of our huge eficit.

ergenfield, N.J. HANNIBAL CUNDARI

ı "You Asked for It, Charlie" by James urnham, as if the heading weren't ıough, we read, "In truth Americans ıould feel proud of their deficit." Shades f Keynes—and I have to read this in ATIONAL REVIEW?

liami, Fla. GEORGE J. POULOS

'e suspect that Mr. Burnham aimed to :artle readers into thinking outside the :andard terms of the current discussion these matters. —ED.

'horeau and Dissent

'nder the title "Law Comes to the adlands" in The Week [Jan. 30] came phrase that managed to provoke me ıto writing this. One of my pet peeves is ıe so-called "Thoreauvian tradition of ivil dissent . . ." syndrome.

Although Thoreau defended abolition-t Wendell Phillips, fugitive slave An-ıony Burns and the John Brown of :arper's Ferry infame for their beliefs, e *never* joined an abolitionist or anti-avery group. Obviously, Thoreau was ot a joiner—but he was not a civil issenter, either. He spent one time in ail for failing to pay a poll tax, since e had no money at the time—not be-ause he intentionally wished to disobey

Concord law. Emerson's eulogy to 'horeau included the following sage ob-ervations: "He [Thoreau] had no temp-ations to fight against—no appetite, no assions, no taste for elegant trifles."

lew York, N.Y. C. JAMES WESTWICK

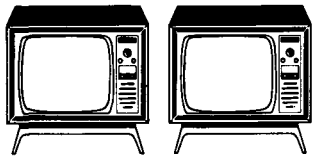
luld Acquaintance

'he demand for contraceptive pills at dinburgh [*NR*, Jan. 30] was *not* made y "the students" but by a small group f students who, egged on by liberal-ıinded professors, are turning the uni-ersity into a madhouse.

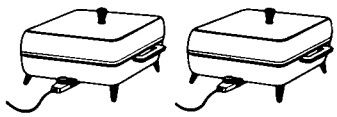
You may be interested to know that he debate, "This House Stands Behind Muggeridge"—supporting Muggeridge—as proposed and won by Mr. Raymond 'raser and myself. Both of us are NA-IONAL REVIEW readers.

dinburgh, Scotland D. M. BOWERS

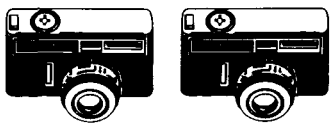
Which should you buy?



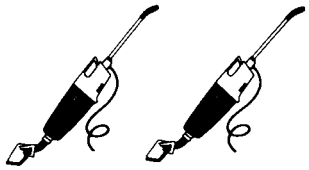
A large screen color TV set priced at $579.95 **OR** another unit priced at $649.95?



An electric fry pan priced at $22.75 **OR** another model priced at $29.95?



A low-cost still camera priced at $9.45 **OR** another model priced at $17.25?



A lightweight vacuum cleaner priced at $29.95 **OR** another model priced at $49.95?

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The electric fry pan priced at $22.75 was judged better in overall performance than the model priced at $29.95. **(Possible Saving: Up To $7.20)**

The low cost still camera priced at $9.45 was about equal in quality to the model priced at $17.25. **(Possible Saving: Up To $7.80)**

The lightweight vacuum cleaner priced at $29.95 was preferred to the model priced at $49.95. **(Possible Saving: Up To $20.00)**

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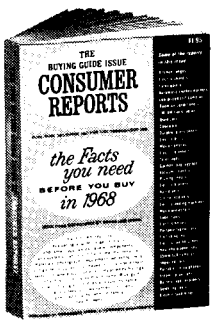

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The WEEK

● George Romney's pratfall out of the ring was an appropriate anti-climax to the most inept Presidential campaign within memory. That jutting jaw proved, after all, to be nothing but *papier-maché* and the geyser of evangelistic rhetoric sputtered out like the last gurgle of the dishwater. The shadow-boxing was too much for this Champion of the Moderates. He threw in the towel even before the bell rang for the first round, leaving his manager, trainers and backers to hand out the rain checks and try to appease the customers. Still, everybody really knew Brainwashed George was only a stand-in for Reluctant Rocky. Now the principal, his strategy of silent approach pulled out from under him by his bumbling protégé, will have to make up his mind, or have it made up for him, whether the confused, divided, demoralized forces of the Republcan Left can get together in a serious fight for the nomination. Though there is a lot of rough country to cross between here and August, West as well as East, at the moment a broad boulevard seems to have opened before the smoothly running wagons of Richard Nixon, who found it wonderfully easy to combine personal generosity and tactical adroitness in his comment on Romney's collapse. At his point it looks as if Rockefeller would have to pull a Lodge in the New Hampshire primary to knock Nixon off the center of the high road.

● Put down that goldfish and *crawl,* baby! The student government at the University of Oregon held a three-day symposium on "social revolution" the other day. A friend and former colleague of ours, Mr. L. Brent Bozell (now editor of *Triumph* Magazine), attended and (bless him) reported back. LeRoi Jones announced that Negroes will take over the cities of New York, Newark, Baltimore, Detroit, St. Louis, Cleveland, Washington and Gary, or else burn them. The students cheered. A U. of O. faculty member, Claude De Berry, dismissed integration as ridiculous. The students were ecstatic. De Berry is director of the University's School Desegregation Training and Research Institute. Ben Stewart, leader of the Black Student Union at San Jose (Cal.) State College, told white people to die and denounced them all as practicers of a particular form of incest. The students giggled delightedly. When Mr. Bozell and Jay Parker, a black member of Young Americans fo Freedom, attempted to present their views, the stu dents left the hall.

● Mr. Henry Salvatori, the San Francisco business man and friend of conservative politicians, has re tained F. Clifton White & Co. (famed for nailin down the Goldwater nomination in 1964) as con sultants to the California delegation to the GO National Convention. Governor Reagan, asked i White would organize a Presidential draft, said coolly "No, I'm quite sure he won't. In view of what hap pened [in '64], it wouldn't be much of a favor. Actually, in 1964 White was pretty much turned ou to pasture after the convention. What will White b doing? He'll brief the California delegation on th national political scene. He'll conduct his fame seminars in convention tactics. He'll make it im perative that Richard Nixon now finally find a first class campaign manager. In brief, the Reagan cam paign has started.

● The figure of George Wallace looms larger. Las week, Messrs. Gallup and Harris agreed that if th election were to be held right now, with Nixon an Johnson the major party choices, Wallace would gra 11 per cent of the vote. The two differed on on important point: Harris said Wallace would tak more votes away from the Republicans than th Democrats; Gallup found that he would take a equal number from each. In either event, the pos sibility grows that Wallace may throw the electio into the House of Representatives. The Wallace cam paign is in full swing, with plans to spend as muc as $17 million—more than was acknowledged to b spent to get LBJ re-elected in 1964. Most money s far has come in a wave of small contributions fron the "little folks" upon whom Wallace loves to cas his spell. But observers agree that the campaign i no nickel-dime effort: it is smooth, professional, com puterized, and it has the services, paid or unpaid of at least half of Alabama's high state officials.

● Only the imprudent would attempt to read too much into any given split in the Democratic Party but the present goings-on seem to reflect a kind o split that tends to stay split. The old unionist-pro fessor coalition is breaking up. Senator Eugene Mc Carthy's championing the cause against Presiden Johnson is the shibboleth. By and large the soft dreamy, schoolmarm Left (the flock of Kennan Schlesinger, Galbraith and Lippmann) has skippec out of the Democratic ranks into the Elysian field of Eugene McCarthy. By and large the professiona labor bosses are sticking tight within the Democratic Party. That's where the bread is. The Republican road to oblivion is paved with the hopes of victory through a split in the Democrats. The historic Demo-

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cratic coalition (forged by FDR) is not collapsing. But it is weakening.

● Perhaps the President's decision to whisk away graduate deferments won't add new firebrands to the antiwar blaze. Campus demonstrations since the draft directive show no new militancy, and college administrators give this unhappy explanation why: any potential incendiaries affected by the new law were already stoking the antiwar fire long before the order came down. Student flames have been fanned to the point where the novice, just made aware of the war's relevance to him by news headlines, really can't make a contribution. For the draftable students who weren't already dead set against the war, ROTC is one possibility, the Peace Corps a second, and Canada, perhaps, a third, but then the dissent of those who flee over the border doesn't get registered, not even in the polls. Administrators are convinced that few of those previously unenlisted in the antiwar effort are willing to risk jail, the test of commitment on the college Left these days.

● President Johnson has given a bright edge to the travel gloom by asking Congress to do away with visa requirements and accompanying red tape for tourists from countries that, like Mexico, Canada and the West European nations, extend the same courtesy to Americans. A fine suggestion, one that may add a few gold bars to the treasury, and, more importantly, one that contravenes the spirit of isolationism that pervades the rest of the travel package. Maybe some day the world will progress all the way back to the passportless travel of pre-1914.

● On a single day in late February H. Rap Brown was picked up in New York on charges that he had violated the conditions of his bail in New Orleans, where he has been indicted on a charge of illegal possession of firearms. After considerable consultation, Brown was released, but ordered to appear in New Orleans where it was hoped authorities would so arrange matters that he might make a legal date in Richmond, where he was also wanted for violating the conditions of his bail there, and still make it back to New York by February 28th when he had a date with a local court to explain a hassle with a policeman outside the Cuban mission to the United Nations on January 10. The reason the Richmond court wanted him was that it had released him on bail pending the legal outcome of his fight against extradition from Virginia to Cambridge, Maryland, where he is wanted on charges of inciting to riot and conspiracy to commit arson. Both New Orleans and Richmond made the condition of bail that Brown stay in the Southern District of New York unless the courts gave him specific permission to leave that area, which permission he didn't bother to get when he took a flier to the West Coast where he made a couple of inflammatory speeches and incitement-to-riot-type talks the week before the long arm of the law reached out for him. At this writing, H. Rap Brown is in jail in New Orleans and one of the judges involved has declared a $10,000 bond that was not, in fact, put up, to have been forfeited. What with one thing and another, the chances are good that during this particular long hot summer Brown may be so busy disentangling himself from the coils of the law that he'll hardly have the time to chant "Burn, Baby, Burn."

● Black Man's Burden: "This is in fact a tribal quarrel. It could not happen in the Congo. The Belgians have actually tried to inject the tribal virus into the Congolese but have not succeeded. Belgium would do well to follow the example set by the Congo"—Kinshasa Radio on the Walloon-Fleming flare-up which brought down the Belgian government.

● Fun&Games in the Capital: The Democratic National Committee switchboard was inundated for several days last week by furious citizens, all, for one reason or another, mad at Democrats. Someone had passed the word around that if you had a beef against the Democratic Party the number to dial was FED UP 68 (FE 3-8768).

● President Johnson's special Commission on Civil Disorders will report to the nation that white America was responsible for the riots of 1967. The Commission has obviously rigged its conclusion to accord with the version Johnson wants the public to accept. We still say Oswald did it.

If Not, Why Not?

It has the touches we have become accustomed to in the usual black psywar operation, but it is not clear who is conducting this particular operation. On Monday, February 5, an anonymous phone caller suggested to Carl Marcy, staff director of Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee, that he should find out why Richard L. Garwin of Columbia, identified as "a tactical nuclear weapons expert," is in South Vietnam. That was enough, of course, to set the ball rolling. "Someone" tipped off the papers. The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and the Pentagon confirmed that Dr. Garwin was indeed a nuclear weapons expert and had indeed gone, with two other scientists, to South Vietnam, but to "estimate the effectiveness of new weapons [that] have no relationship whatever to atomic or nuclear systems of any kind."

Naturally that made everyone more curious than

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ever. Gen. Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, told the press he felt Khesanh could be defended "without the use of nuclear weapons," but "refused to speculate" on whether such use was excluded if Khesanh were in imminent danger of being overrun. The President, at a press conference, was not "aware" that the Secretary of State or Joint Chiefs "have ever considered or made a recommendation in any respect to the employment of nuclear weapons." Speculation along these lines "is very much against the national interest." He added as an apparent afterthought, "They are on our planes on training missions from time to time." Secretary Rusk wrote Senator Fulbright to condemn "irresponsible speculation and discussion," without however commenting on the issue of substance.

There are two plausible explanations for this hanky panky, both of which may well be true: a) our boys may be mounting a psychological push to keep the enemy nervous and unbalanced on the chance that we really will use nuclear weapons; b) their boys may be mounting a deterrent psychological push to stir up a domestic and global opinion that will forestall any possible decision to use them.

Of one thing we do feel certain: that the question *has* been discussed. When the President asked the Joint Chiefs for their joint and several guarantee that Khesanh will be held (see The Third World War), it would surely have been natural for them to ask, before replying, whether the Commander in Chief was prepared to authorize whatever military measures they might judge necessary to accomplish his objective. His reply is of course unknown, but if he did not assure them they could employ even tactical nuclear arms if relevant and necessary, we in turn must ask, Why not? In Dallas—that same Dallas—the President solemnly declared last week: "The weak will drop from the lines, their feet sore and their voices loud. Persevere in Vietnam we will and we must. . . . Free men will never bow to force and abandon their future to tyranny. There must be no betrayal of those who fight beside us." If the President is serious in his rhetoric, what *right* does he have to refuse our own men and those who fight beside them the weapons that are relevant and necessary?

But if the use of tactical nuclear weapons is militarily relevant in Vietnam, it would be infinitely better if the President freely and deliberately decided to use them under the circumstances of our own choosing that will make most military sense, rather than be forced to use them—perhaps irrelevantly or even vainly—in a possible moment of panic and desperation.

Money Money Money

A year or so ago the lid blew off international monetary markets when Washington and London decided to make a last-ditch effort to sustain the pound sterling at the parity value of $2.80. The attempt collapsed in the November devaluation of the pound.

Since November it would appear that the dollar has been burdened by the psychological necessity to "ratify" the pound devaluation, such ratification taking the form of maintaining the new rate for the pound. Huge pressure built up against the dollar, leading to a gold outflow of heroic size in the last quarter of 1967. The Johnson Administration started talking about strict controls on capital outflow. American companies withdrew large piles of cash from Canada. The Canadian dollar teetered and then almost toppled when Parliament seemed to be turning thumbs down on the Pearson regime. Canada borrowed the equivalent of $426 million from the International Fund. In London the pound sagged, and the dollar (U.S.) in London markets continued at rock bottom in relation to gold. →

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NOW—in this one fact-filled new book—you can get the kind of information you want and need about politics today—and tomorrow! It's all here—the color, the background, the reasons why American conservatism is stronger today than ever before!

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Here is just a sampling of what you will find in this book:

How Many Conservatives Are There?

Evans will show you why there are in fact many more *conservatives* than Republicans in America today—perhaps *twice* as many—and what this devastating analysis does to Liberal Republican pretensions.

More, he explains why the Romney-Rockefeller-Javits-Lindsay-types *can't help* but hurt overall Republican chances. Tracing our political history in vivid detail from the days of Robert A. Taft right up to the present, Evans explains that the decisive votes are shifting from the Liberal-dominated Eastern metropolitan areas toward the conservative-oriented West and South, and—perhaps most important of all—towards a nation-wide Suburbia that is increasingly immune to the power of Big Labor and city bosses.

What about the 27 Million?

Evans uses Barry Goldwater's 1964 campaign to illustrate his thesis: who *were* the 27 million Americans who stayed with Goldwater? Were they the followers of Liberal Republican defectors (unwilling to believe what their leaders said about Barry)? Were they drawn from the misty ranks of the so-called "Independent" voters? Or were they in fact representative of fundamental conservative strength in America?

Also, was it true that Goldwater's famous "Southern Strategy" was wrong? Was it "immoral"? (How can the *same* vote be immoral in the Republican column, but moral in the Democratic column?)

Why Liberals Fear the South

Evans explains in graphic detail the reasons *why* the Liberals fear Republican-conservative penetration of the South: because they realize full well that if (and *only* if) the Republicans become a truly national Party, they can again become the majority party! Yet, as you will see, the South is already far along the road back to the two-party system—and the pace may well be greatly accelerated this year, *provided* the GOP nominates a conservative candidate. (Otherwise, of course, George Wallace can be expected to poll enough votes to put the South safely back into the Democratic column.)

What You May Enjoy Most

This fascinating book contains so many facts and ideas that it is impossible to describe them all adequately here, but you will probably find the following subjects among the most interesting:

- What would have happened if Goldwater had faced John F. Kennedy?
- What is the real Republican "Mainstream"?
- The meaning and importance of the New Left and New Right.
- What is the *real* Liberal-Republican batting average in winning elections?
- Are conservatives really interested in winning?
- Could a conservative President produce a new national "consensus"?

Special Pre-Publication Savings Offer!

In early May, this big new book will be selling in bookstores everywhere for $5.95. But you can get M. Stanton Evans' "The Future of Conservatism" now for *less than half price,* simply by entering your subscription (new or renewal) to *National Review* at *no more* than the regular rate of just $10.00 for a full year (26 issues). That's right: Use the card facing this page: it entitles you to buy this book for just $2.95—you save a full $3.00 on this offer.

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Here's the one you must have in '68!

This is the year— and this is the book!

...the facts, the figures, the votes, the lowdown on the vital primaries—this book puts at your fingertips the ammunition you need to talk politics this year!

"[—the liberals] ... are not so confident of their position as they would have us believe. In the ... changing American mood, the growing anxiety of ... liberal intellectuals, the restiveness of the young, we glimpse the sources of their anxiety. The professed object is to save the Republican party by injecting it with liberalism; the real object is to save liberalism by injecting it with the Republican party."

—The Future of Conservatism

About The Author...

M. Stanton Evans is well known to *National Review* readers for his incisive political reporting (not to mention his regular *Bulletin* column). For many years an associate editor of NR, he is now Editor-in-Chief of the *Indianapolis News*. A 1955 graduate of Yale, Evans is the author of "Revolt on the Campus," "The Liberal Establishment," and "The Politics of Surrender." In "The Future of Conservatism," Evans concentrates on presenting the conservative movement's current and future prospects in the kind of realistic terms that will appeal to those looking for the *facts* about the contemporary political scene.

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The Score for the Tet Match

The U.S. military in Vietnam and the fighting men of the host ally have together beaten back decisively the biggest Communist offensive of this war. Sneaking in typically via the treachery of a phony Tet truce, the Vietcong encountered a holiday-oriented host of imperialist aggressor and native lackey, which promptly proceeded to beat hell out of them on almost every street corner in Saigon and Cholon where they showed their face, and elsewhere from the DMZ to the Mekong delta. There were, moreover, encouraging instances of spirited endorsement of these drubbings by the citizenry.

True, the allied losses and the toll of civilian victims are sobering. But there are 40,000 fewer Communists at latest count than there were last month, and this is a decisive outcome in our favor by anybody's standards. Were the shoe on the other foot—had the Cong at any time repelled *us* so dramatically—there would have been admiring coos from many doves for what they would have called an inspired defense of the motherland by the peasants. As it happened, it was our guys all the way.

In Saigon it was primarily a Vietnamese performance. Taking nothing away from the heroism of the American MPs, marines, air police and helicoptered infantry and cavalry who held every U.S. installation in the city unfailingly, often with heavy losses, it was nevertheless the ARVNs who saved their capital and its big air base at Tansonnhut. This is the way, incidentally, General Westmoreland has always said it should be. It may come as disappointing news to their many critics in the U.S., but our little ARVN guys—paratroopers, rangers, tankers, regulars, territorials, white-shirt gendarmerie often maligned—came out swinging at the opening bell and mercilessly whomped the Cong into reeling rout.

The doves' claim is that the mere capability of the Vietcong to spring the Tet offensive is evidence of our own failure to date. The fact is that nobody has kidded himself they couldn't do it. Precisely to the contrary, General Westmoreland, as the military commander, assuredly has estimates and plans which attribute to the Communists this and greater capabilities, including winning the war and country and running us out altogether. This is, after all, a war with a real enemy, every one of whose potentialities is accredited and emphasized, in order to plan our counter effort. If this offensive and others are not to be expected, what, one might ask, is the purpose here of our half million troops and $26 billion per annum? When the younger Senator Kennedy was here recently dealing in the disgruntlement of some rice farmers who had been displaced for military necessity—a humane practice not indulged in by the other side—it is wondered what he might have thought the reason was for the concertina, sand bags, bunkers and steel helmets which surely he saw. Did he take the nightly flares for a pre-Tet fireworks display?

Nor is it to be at all admitted that the launching of an offensive by the Communists represents a switch of the combat initiative away from us. As a matter of fact, it is pure money in the bank for us every time the VC comes out of his jungle to pull off attacks like these. It is the reminder of no less a figure here than Lieutenant General Bruce Palmer, the deputy for all U.S. combat operations in Vietnam, that American and Vietnamese forces have scored their greatest victories, kill or loss, when the Cong elected to emerge from the bamboo and try out our M-16s, tactical air, M-79s and helicopter gun ships. If they could insure us one such confrontation a month from now on, we could probably cease quibbling about negotiations and bombing halts and guarantee the war's end before Christmas.

There will be those quick to belittle the campaign on the basis of comparative strengths of the two sides. It is true that in almost every localized action in this offensive the Vietcong sent a boy to do a man's job. This, however, happens to be the way Mao Tse-tung wrote the book. It is the way old man Ho and General Giap will do it to the bitter end. This is their problem, not ours, and certainly no occasion for the loss of American sleep or breast-beating. They compensate somewhat for numerical inferiority by resorting to tactics which a civilized enemy cannot and would not practice. They cheat diplomatically as in the case of their monumentally crooked promulgation of a Tet truce. They lied to their own suicide troops whom they sent in assured of reinforcement which did not exist. Being essentially barbarian, they have no qualms about civilian murder and slaughter. In Saigon they were quick to occupy the An Quan pagoda and were reported to have made promiscuous use of Red Cross flags on illegal vehicles. They maneuvered deliberately in populated areas, anticipating the inhibitions of the Vietnamese and Americans in planning their neutralization. This cost allied lives and time in addition to those unfortunate civilians killed in the crossfire of displacement and evacuation. Someone should point out that the innocent blood here stains the usual hands; it was the Communists who chose the times and places.

Far from an allied setback, morally or materially, the Vietcong Tet offensive of 1968, as repulsed by the military and abominated by the citizens it was supposed to win over, constitutes possibly the longest step forward we have taken in the entire war.

COLONEL JAMES W. GRAHAM

Saigon, mid-February

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Britain is now in debt to the tune of more than $1 billion in the aftermath of the battle to save the pound, and no one quite knows how she can pay off on time. Canada's recent borrowings may be more easily repaid. The U.S. has borrowed more heavily than Britain in the foreign exchange markets. All three currencies are staggering along on crutches, promises, reliefs, forgivenesses, deferments, and the kind of whistling one hears, late at night, around the walls of graveyards.

Running Up the Flag

The *National Guardian* was founded in 1948 as the schmaltzy East Coast Communist-line newspaper. It blooped along for years peddling the Moscow version until in the early Sixties it jogged over toward the Peking camp, inspired no doubt by the thoughts of Chairman Mao. It was the informal mouthpiece for a time of the revolutionary Progressive Labor Movement, which took its directives from Peking and Hanoi. About nine months ago its publishers, Cedric Belfrage (who appeared on the masthead for years as "editor-in-exile") and James Aronson, "resigned" and turned their assets over to the staff composed for the most part of men and women in their twenties.

Last month the *National Guardian* came out under a spruced-up format of sixteen pages instead of twelve, under the new name, the *Guardian*, an "independent radical newsweekly." It claims not to be identified with any organized group. "One of our purposes is to break away from the clichés of the left ideology of the past," said one of its editors in a *N.Y. Times* interview. But the front page of the new *Guardian*'s first issue still carried the regulation dispatch by Wilfred Burchett, the Australian Communist who reports regularly for the Communist press from Hanoi, Peking and points Red, and the issue to the surprise of few who follow the tergiversations of Marxist propagandists was dedicated to: "Those heroic liberation fighters who last week began a major offensive against American imperialism in South Vietnam and particularly to the nineteen patriots who stormed the U.S. embassy in Saigon." Whatever it calls itself, the *Guardian* remains a spokesman for the hate-America forces that are centered now as in the past in Moscow, Peking, Hanoi, Pyongyang, Havana and their comrade capitals.

Another Berlin Wall?

Their Peculiar Problem

Britain's race problem is a problem no more. Working with unmajestic speed, Her Majesty's Government slammed the door shut last week on its Indian and Pakistani citizen-immigrants from East Africa, all of whom own British passports and have in recent months used them in tidal numbers to escape Kenya's new "Africanization" laws. The result: panic in East Africa's Asian community, with last-minute rushes on flights to London, cables of protest to the Queen, the Prime Minister, the UN, and threats to take the case to the International Court of Justice. Some 160,000 Asians in East Africa chose British citizenship when Kenya became independent in 1963. Now only 1,500 British work permits a year will be issued lest they emigrate, in the unaccustomed hard words of Home Secretary James Callaghan, "at a pace which would cause racial disharmony and explosions." Comparisons were inevitable and ignominious. "South Africa is at least not a hypocrite," cried one Nairobi businessman. "But Britain, who always claimed to be fighting for justice and fair play and to be fighting against racialism, is now proved to be hypocrite number one in the world."

Shame on Britain! But why not shame on Kenya, too? Its own new racial laws, which caused all the commotion by making it tough for non-Africans to get jobs, will not be haled before the International Court of Justice. Nor will its decision to boycott the Olympics, along with Algeria, Burundi, Cameroun, Central African Republic, Chad, Congo-Brazzaville, Congo-Kinshasa, Dahomey, Ethiopia, Gabon, Gambia, Ghana, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Liberia, Libya, Malagasy Republic, Malawi, Mali, Mauritania, Morocco, Niger, Nigeria, Rwanda, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Somalia,

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ "Humphrey—he's a pitiful case!" So says a long-time Minnesota Democrat who has followed Hubert since the then-Mayor of Minneapolis' campaign to turn out the red-light district. Sad but true, Humphrey's role in the Johnson Administration has been pretty much limited to such classic Vice-Presidential deeds as opening freeways, pouring the punch and backing-the-boss in occasional speeches that make Page 17. But wait—here's a whole big book, with Hubert's name and Hubert's picture all over it. It's the *Vice President's Handbook for Local Officials*, available for two dollars from the Government Printing Office. The *Handbook* runs to 300 pages—not too many, for as the Vice President says in his Preface: "In 1968 federal aid to state and local governments is estimated to be 17.4 billion dollars, which represents a three-fold increase in the last ten years. Today there are at least 450 federal programs which aid our cities and localities, and they are carried out by more than 35 departments and agencies. There are loans, advances, shared revenues, technical assistance and grants. . . ." The message, though unspoken, is clear: *Let us know if you're not getting your share.*

Your friendly Vice President's *Handbook* tells local officials how to go about getting it. When in doubt, they are to write, wire or call Hubert Humphrey, "the Executive Branch's principal point of liaison for local government officials." After all, "many government-wide requirements apply to all programs. . . . These various requirements and procedures (sometimes referred to as 'red tape') may cause frustration and delay for local officials" So. Here we have a step-by-step guide to more federal money, being sent in an election year to every mayor, alderman, city manager, county commissioner and overseer-of-the-poor in the land by Lyndon Johnson's presumptive running-mate. Local officials are always politically influential in their communities. That $17.4 billion makes a tidy campaign chest. "Yas, I called up Hubert, and I told him, and he told me. . ."

◆ That other refugee from Minnesota, AgSec Orville Freeman, hasn't heard about LBJ's See-America-Only campaign. Sen. John J. Williams (R., Del.) has revealed that Freeman has invited a jetful of congressmen, governors and influential farmers on a two-week all-expenses-paid tour of the Far East—ostensibly to peddle American farm products. Says Williams: "Such a grandiose junket sponsored by a member of the President's cabinet in the face of his January plea to all Americans, merely shows the contempt that this Administration has for the American taxpayer. I most respectfully suggest that this political junket be canceled. If a trade mission is required, let it be confined to those officials who will be conducting the negotiations."

◆ More on Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.), she who rammed local control of antipoverty programs down the throat of Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity. The lady is crying foul—she says OEO has tried to bypass her amendment. In its new "guidelines" for implementing the 1967 antipoverty law, OEO seeks to prevent state governments from serving as fund-receiving antipoverty agencies—a "perversion of congressional intent," according to Rep. Green. Moreover, the guidelines "discourage" state and local governments from taking over the functions of existing special agencies. This, as Rep. Green points out, will continue the present system—independent agencies scantly answerable to local authority—that Congress sought to get rid of. Finally, OEO says that no city of less than 250,000, and no county of less than 50,000, can set itself up as an antipoverty agency and receive OEO funds. The intent seems clear: to keep the money flowing into the big cities, where the Administration needs votes—and to pour it into specially-created agencies that can be kept under the thumb of Washington.

Mrs. Green has written Carl Perkins, head of the Education and Labor Committee, urging an investigation "very soon, before the proposed guidelines are printed." Perkins will meet with OEO officials, to try to work out a compromise.

—CATO

Sudan, Tanzania, Togo, Tunisia, Uganda, United Arab Republic, Upper Volta and Zambia—because South Africa will participate. Even though South Africa will field an integrated team. What do these champions of equality want, anyway? An Africanized Olympics all to themselves, maybe, and the Soviet Union. In that case—yay, team!

Daisy Ashford Goes to Peking

The Daisy Ashford Award for Political Ingenuousness goes this week to John Pattison, the nineteen-year-old Australian tourist who got himself arrested for having displayed a "Peace in Vietnam" sign in the middle of Tienanmen Square in Peking. John wrote up his experience for the AP in Hong Kong and here it is, honest to Sir James Barrie:

"About forty Red Guards, led by five or six who wore armbands, shouted imprecations at me, shook their red-plastic-covered Mao Tse-tung books at me, and made what I thought were threatening gestures. . . . For about an hour they kept me alone in a small detention room. Then the Red Guards brought in an army officer and my 'trial' began. For two hours or more I argued with him, tryin to justify my action by saying that I believed in and wanted peace in Vietnam. The judge repeatedly insisted that I was wrong, that there could be no peace 'until the United

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States imperialists were driven out with their tails between their legs.' He accused me of having a reactionary viewpoint and of having insulted the Chinese people. Eventually I realized that I would have to make a 'confession,' so I wrote a self-criticism in which I admitted faults and said that in the future I would work to strengthen friendship between the Australian and Chinese people.

"This seemed to be a major concern of the Chinese officer."

But that wasn't all. "At the end of the tour, when we reached the Hong Kong border, I was singled out by customs officials. The Chinese had already confiscated fourteen rolls of my film in Peking. At the border station, they confiscated my diary and eight or ten pages from my notebook. Then they held me for a day while they went through my possessions and listened to ten hours of tape recordings I had made."

Eventually the tapes were given back. But that still wasn't all. On the flight to Shanghai, one of John's fellow tourists ("you know how it is on a dull flight") doodled a moustache on a photo of Chairman Mao. Well! "After we got off the plane, the cleaners found it and there was hell to pay. The Chinese called in our tour leader and said we had been guilty of a serious political insult. The doodler immediately admitted that he had done it. Then he criticized himself."

"Throughout our tour," ends John, "I got a feeling of general suspicion and distrust of foreigners."

Next week: "Daisy Ashford Works to Get Red China into the UN. And Criticizes Herself."

The Sidewalks of New York

A young member of our editorial staff, having submitted his copy for this issue, left the *NR* office, ate his dinner and caught the bus to his neighborhood in downtown Manhattan. There arrived, he began walking the few blocks to his apartment. He was greeted by one of four Puerto Rican youths, who had been leaning against a storefront.

"Hey, ain't I seen you with those Italian kids down the street?" said the accoster without conviction, groping in his pocket with one hand and tugging at our man's overcoat with the other.

"Not me," said our employee, trying to edge away as unprovocatively as possible. "Then," as he told us, "the tug became a yank. A hunting knife appeared in the Puerto Rican's hand, one of his comrades shoved me into a doorway and a disembodied voice said, simply, 'Money.' That was unnecessary. I had been through it before, so I reached mechanically for my wallet and handed it over. A small audience gathered on the safe side of the street.

"Seconds later the genial four walked leisurely away, and I asked the leader tentatively, 'Hey, what about my wallet?' The youth frowned disdainfully. 'Man,' he said, as if with infinite patience, 'It's already back in your pocket.'

"I touched my pocket for reassurance. Then, doubly chastened by a second frown from the leader, I looked again across the street, hoping to shame the onlookers in turn. On cue, they lowered eyes and wheeled halfway round, all chatting in pantomime and some making exaggerated gesticulations as if to legitimize their nonconversation.

"Somehow it seemed wrong to unsettle the charade. I walked, didn't run, to the nearest corner, and hailed a policeman who soon passed by.

" 'When did it happen?'

" 'About two minutes ago.'

" 'It's dark, you know,' said the policeman, looking at the sky. 'No chance to catch 'em now. Gimme your name and address.'

"I did so.

" 'Thanks, buddy, that's all we need, and if you see 'em again, let us know.' "

Will Someone Tell Me Whom In Blazes The National Council Of Churches Thinks It Represents?

Some things I'm very vague about,
  Like why the Incas fell.
Did Garbo do . . . or didn't she . . .
  With John . . . in *Grand Hotel*?
The Kremlin's an enigma, and
  A Powder Room is, too.
One doesn't gab with oracles;
  A harem is tabu.
What happened to Miss Earhart, the
  Authorities can't say.
(We'll never know what Mrs. Lin-
  Coln thought about the play.)
And as for Council fathers, they're
  The *oddest* mystery.
I don't believe they speak for God:
  They sure don't speak for me.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

My mail follows me, and I am glad to have most of it. But then occasionally there is the very angry letter, most recently from one Franklin H. Littell, who is the president of Iowa Wesleyan College, and the chairman of a committee to harass the American right wing, called the Institute for American Democracy. I wrote a column a week or two ago about Dr. Littell,

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having first written to him to get the text of some controversial remarks he made in a speech he wrote last summer. Dr. Littell has replied, not exactly in the spirit of John Wesley. His letter culminates:

"I have now received, through friends in Boston, a column which was apparently published about the middle of February in which you not only make a malicious personal attack, but also lie about my statements. Like a clever half-intellectual, you lie by putting false statements in quotation marks—which must impress the credulous—but it is just as blatant a misrepresentation as if you had engaged in the usual careless paraphrase of the unschooled propagandist. Since a good many of my friends, who have always said you were a smart aleck without principle, seemed to have been correct rather than I, I don't suppose it will make much difference to you when I say that your conduct is contemptible and disqualifies you for a serious part in intelligent discourse."

Well, well. Certain letters you have to answer in certain ways . . .

"Dear Mr. Littell: You are apparently under the impression that your esteem is a collector's item. I never heard of you until your intolerances of last summer were broadcast, and, to judge from the quality of your mind, do not expect to hear of you again save as your excesses continue from time to time to catch the eye of the yellow journalists of the ideological underworld. If you think I misrepresented you, then you have taken leave of your senses, a certification to which effect I should welcome as relieving you of the moral responsibility for what you say."

On the matter of my alleged misquotation. From FL's letter to me of six weeks ago: "In spite of various manufactured 'facts' widely spread by Hargis, Bundy, McIntyre, McBirnie and others of our fascist underworld . . ." And from his speech: "To be very specific, the 'liberty' of Carl McIntyre and Billy James Hargis and Dan Smoot and Gerald L. K. Smith and Edgar Bundy to lie about my personal life and ministry . . ." Again from his speech: "[Americans] will unite in their determination to avoid control by either Stalin or Hitler, Gus Hall or Robert Welch."

From my column: "[Littell] will lump together: 'Hargis, Bundy, McIntyre, Welch, and Gerald L. K. Smith.' He will refer to them as composing 'the fascist underworld'—all in the course of a single sentence. . . . He is capable of enjoining us to 'avoid control by either Stalin or Hitler, Gus Hall or Robert Welch.' I concluded: "It leaves the mind reeling. Compare Welch to Don Quixote if you will. But to Hitler? And what does Dr. Littell mean by 'fascist'?"

Let the ethics classes take it from there. But there is a good example here of the personal tolerance of those who preach professionally against the intolerance of the American Right; and a superb example of the morality of those who objected to Senator McCarthy's loose amalgamations. I offer it all up to you, in a spirit of self-abnegation.

● Mrs. Dorothy Rea reports regularly on reader response to *NR* features. Excerpts from her most recent memo: "The Gollan-Mount marijuana feature [Jan. 30] has excited the most correspondence since the Ayn Rand piece. Most liked it, or at least congratulated *NR* on publishing both sides of the debate. Many expressed surprise that we would do so. . . . 'Prophet of Modernity' (Tonsor on Nietzsche) drew three or four scholarly letters, rather a lot for the Book Section. . . . Two antipodal comments on the Ronald Reagan cover story: it's great, and it reads like a passage from *The Way of All Flesh* [Never read it]. . . . More anti-[Stan] Evans letters on Rand article trickling in. . . . One reader suggests we monitor the Classified Section more closely; some sensitive stuff in it? [Haven't noticed any]. . . . Several people liked Rick's nonsense in Notes & Asides." Concerning the latter, we are very pleased that that great comedienne Hermione Gingold read the entire Notes & Asides of two issues ago, culminating in Rickenbacker's Nonsense, on the Johnny Carson Show. That should make for a lot of Hums sales.

● And finally, here is a form letter that has gone out hither and yon from the Project Director of Southern Illinois University. A prize will be given for the best (and briefest) translation. Address: Contest Editor, *NR*. Entries will not be acknowledged, but the winner will receive ten gift subscriptions:

Dear Sir:

Project Degree is a special program utilizing remedial, compensatory and special motivational involvements to assist socio-economically disadvantaged students to maintain membership in this University toward the goal of acquiring their degree.

We are designing the special motivational activities on the premise that the urban shelters in which these students have matured have allowed them few opportunities to exert any 'hands on' shaping of their environment. . . . In fact, if anything, the environment has exerted negative shaping on them in their contacts with it. To counteract this, we have given them their own space (an ex-army barracks on campus) in which they are designing and building individual learning environments as well as group areas (dark room, group discussion area, lounge, etc.).

We would like to provide stimulating graphic materials relative to the contemporary 'real' world for them to pin up in their individual and group spaces. To this end, we would greatly appreciate your sending us any 'display' information (wall charts, posters, point of purchase material, etc.) that might be meaningful for their content or visually stimulating.

I hope you can accommodate this request at your earliest convenience.

—W.F.B.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Khesanh: Whose Mistake?

A good many commentators have been stating that either General Westmoreland or General Giap has made a critical mistake in relation to Khesanh. It is in fact more or less self-evident that at least one of them has done so; and it is very likely that both have.

Burnham

The present situation at Khesanh looks like a mistake for our side because, in the first place, it has come into being without a deliberate, freely made choice on the part of our commanders. One minor move has somehow led to another until Westmoreland now finds himself compelled to commit thousands of troops and vast quantities of equipment to the defense of a flat-topped hill—a butte, I suppose it would be called in our West—just south of the Demilitarized Zone in the midst of a remote mountainous jungle. Of course he has a plausible excuse, but it is a post facto rationalization. Nothing was heard of it when the first unit (a single company) was assigned to Khesanh in February 1967.

Creative military plans are imposed by a commander on events, not by events on the commander.

The Khesanh situation is also defective from our standpoint because it is derived from a concept of static defense. Actually, the military elements are subordinate to the political. The idea of holding Khesanh as a passively enduring fortress is in keeping with the notion of a defensive "McNamara line" along the border (and possibly into Laos) and the Johnson prohibition against operations into North Vietnam.

Questionable in any case, a static defense concept becomes still more doubtful when Marines are assigned to carry it out. This is not the sort of action Marines exist for, and so are specially equipped and trained for. It is a waste to push Marines down into burrows for months on end. All the Marine commanders are said to have opposed the Khesanh commitment.

Who Also Stand and Wait

However, the Khesanh situation is also a mistake of the enemy's—if, at any rate, he does try to take Khesanh, or planned to try. General Giap may have fallen into the trap that has caught many another aging commander: the dream of re-playing a triumph of his earlier days—in Giap's case, the dream of a second Dienbienphu.

There are similarities, beginning with some of the geographical features, between the Khesanh and Dienbienphu situations, but history really doesn't repeat, and the differences are probably profound enough to be decisive. In immediate military terms, Gene Roberts of the *New York Times* reports an American officer as summing up three of them: "We hold hill positions around the camp, and the French did not. We have massive air power, and the French did not. And we have heavy artillery in a position to support the camp—something the French didn't have." The further back we trace the comparison, the deeper the differences appear. American resources in men and arms are incommensurably greater than France's. Whatever the troubles of the Johnson Administration, it is a tower of sovereign strength compared to the disintegrated French regimes of the early 1950s. Domestic opposition to the Indochina war was so total that no French government dared send draftees to the theater; all the fighting was done by the career army and the Foreign Legion. All but a trivial fraction of the local population was against the French—the colonial power in place; there was no native anti-Communist force of any consequence; no other nation furnished France with any support. Though led by Communists and therefore perverted, the Indochina war did take the form of a virtually united popular war of national liberation against the alien colonial power.

In the crude Marxian categories the present war is defined as identical to the earlier, and Giap's thinking is quite possibly subject to the Marxian half-truths and delusions. In reality, America is not France; the war is not a united Vietnamese struggle for liberation but a combination of Communist North Vietnamese aggression with a South Vietnamese civil war provoked, sustained and directed by the North Vietnamese rulers; there exists a native South Vietnamese Army which, though certainly not first-rate, is a meaningful factor; a variety of skilled allied forces fight alongside ours; the nations of the region—all absolutely anti-French in the earlier war—are strong supporters of resistance to Hanoi; domestic American opinion, in spite of a highly vocal opposition, backs the war by a substantial majority.

No Dienbienphu Allowed

It is reported that in January the President told the Joint Chiefs, "I don't want any Dienbienphu"; that they unanimously advised him Khesanh could be held; and that Mr. Johnson had each of them sign that opinion in writing. An odd but formidable procedure. Although the Joint Chiefs like most other Americans are prone to over-rate physical equipment, especially if air- or space-borne, I am inclined to believe that the commitment thus so ineradicably made can and will be kept.

Giap's timing may already have been thrown badly off by his failure to achieve his major objectives in his counter-city drive. In late March the monsoon season draws to a close, and good flying weather starts over the Khesanh area. Giap may cancel, may already have canceled, a full-scale "set piece" battle for Khesanh. But if he does—or if he never actually planned more than a threat—he has nonetheless lost, because Khesanh has become a symbol.

Violating his own doctrine since January, Giap has thrown a large percentage of his chips into this pot. If he doesn't win big, he is going to lose big: big enough, perhaps, to mean a turn of the war's cycle. It is not excluded that the Vietnam war is going to be looking a lot different by . . . by, say, November 5.

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Another Modest Proposal

FERDINAND MOUNT

Britain has just legislated to offer free abortions under the National Health Service in cases where there is a risk of the child being born mentally or physically abnormal or where the birth might harm the environment of existing children in the family. We have since received the report of a speech urging a further social reform to be delivered in the British House of Commons during the 1984 session.

MR. BODKIN (Liberal: Bank, South): I am delighted, Mr. Speaker, that the fortune of the ballot should have given me the opportunity to introduce this Termination of Existence Bill. Though its scope may seem modest, I believe that it will help hundreds of thousands of our unfortunate fellow citizens. I cannot claim that the Bill breaks entirely fresh ground. In large measure, it is no more than an extension of the admirable principles of the Termination of Pregnancy Act, steered through the House with such dexterity by my hon friend, the member for Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles. All those who are stirred by the spectacle of suffering and who have it not in themselves to withhold a helping hand will, I believe, wish this present Bill well. No doubt faults will be found in its drafting, and I welcome suggestions from all parts of the House, for it is one of the glories of our system that in matters which touch the individual conscience we are freed of party ties and able to make up our minds dispassionately but not of course without a very real human commitment.

At present, Mr. Speaker, some three million attempts at suicide are made each year in the United Kingdom. Each year a vast proportion of these people are left physically maimed and emotionally frustrated. Even the successful attempts involve tragic human waste. People who do not want out, as our American cousins say, are too often persuaded to participate in so-called suicide pacts with fatal results. In other cases, the protagonist may commit homicide or at least inflict severe wounds before turning the gun on him or herself. Typically, these cases concern deserted lovers, betrayed marital partners and parents whose economic circumstances are so desperate that they can no longer carry on. Small children and vigorous healthy young people are therefore the frequent victims of what I may term the extended self-destruction syndrome. I do not need to labor the point to remind hon members of the appalling tragedies that these "backstreet" suicides bring with them.

Voluntary, of Course

Clause One of the Bill therefore makes it possible for those adults over the age of 21 who wish to do so to have their lives ended, efficiently, painlessly, and without charge, under the National Health Service. This decision will of course remain entirely voluntary as at present. The criticism that I have heard voiced in some quarters that the Bill forces termination down the throats of the people is at best socially irresponsible and at worst frivolous. To prevent thoughtless people from taking advantage of this new facility, an application for termination must be signed by the applicant's physician and a registered psychiatrist. Foreigners will not be allowed to use the service, unless they are normally resident in Britain, although in special circumstances exceptions may be made for Commonwealth visitors.

I am informed that this new facility will put no great strain on the resources of the health service. The average length of hospital stay in these cases will after all be extremely short so that there will be little effect on the bed occupancy rate. Also the association of funeral directors has been most cooperative in suggesting methods of streamlining post-operative disposal. I would remark in passing that the association could teach some labor unions a thing or two in its rapid adjustment to the age of containerization *(laughter and opposition cheers)*.

I fancy that this clause will arouse a good deal less controversy than it would have a few years ago. Suicide has not of course been a crime since the 1961 Act, but all the same a certain social stigma still attaches to it, a stigma which it would be in keeping with the more humane spirit of our times to remove.

Clause Two is entirely non-controversial. It provides that the lives of children under the age of six who exhibit mental or physical handicaps exceeding Ministry of Health specifications may be terminated if and only if both parents so wish.

AN HON MEMBER: Herod!

MR. BODKIN: Not at all. The hon and gallant gentleman is blinking the facts, with his head as usual deeply buried in the sands of confusion. The truth is that these children cause deep emotional and financial distress to their parents, they are a sad embarrassment to their playmates, and of course they represent a continuing charge on the public purse. In addition to the parental signatures, the signature of a psychiatrist or consultant physician—depending on whether the handicap is mental or physical—will be required before the operation can be effected. There are no provisions in the Bill affecting the handicapped over the age of six, but such persons would of course be free on reaching the age of 21 to make use of the services provided under Clause One.

Now we come to Clause Three. This deals with the terminations of seriously ill hospital patients over the age of sixty-five. I want to say quite frankly here that I personally think it a scandal that in a supposedly progressive country like ours, so little thought should have been given to the plight of these unfortunate senior citizens and those who must care for them. So often these poor folk sink into a blessed coma, only to be revived against their will by the miracles of modern medical technology. Shortage of equipment and the common humanity of certain distinguished doctors have allowed a few unfortunates to find merciful release. How happy must be the moment for patient and relatives alike when the doctor marks the patient's file NTBR —Not To Be Resuscitated. But is it right that this privilege should be confined to the few for reasons of geographical location or, I have heard

(Continued on p. 257)

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TAX POWER

The state today has a monopoly or near monopoly of the education tax. The effect has been to create a dangerous establishment over the minds of men

THE AMERICAN STATE AND ACADEMIC FREEDOM

FRANCIS J. BROWN

The American state system of education professes an academic righteousness to which it has no valid claim, for this system is guilty of many violations of academic freedom. Discussion in this matter has heretofore been mainly restricted to various pressures put upon the rights of faculty to free inquiry and free expression. The present article will single out one neglected aspect of academic freedom, namely, the economic pressures exerted by the state against educational groups, faculty, parents, and students who dissent from the educational philosophies in the state schools. The intention here is not to deny the state's right to conduct its own schools nor to belittle the achievements of these schools, but to demonstrate that the state violates the academic freedom of many citizens by taking a monopoly or near-monopoly of the education tax for the support of its schools and of the private values enshrined therein, while denying an equitable share of this tax to other educators and to other values. In effect the state has created a dangerous establishment over the minds of men.

The state replies that its schools, far from being inimical to academic freedom, are rather the champions of the academic rights of all its citizens. It contends either that state schools are value-free institutions confining themselves solely to the teaching of academic content; or that their system of values is public and neutral and therefore at least reasonably acceptable to all American taxpayers; and that their approaches to knowledge are correct and therefore worthy of monopoly backing with the public tax dollar. But these contentions are false.

How Benign Is 'Neutralism'?

First, state schools are not value-free, for, in addition to teaching their secular academic content (e.g., humanities, social sciences, and natural sciences), they also confront their students with an educational philosophy, which is a value-laden frame of reference within which academic subjects are interwoven and taught. This philosophy includes values with respect to whether or not God and theology are relevant to the school. It includes philosophical values on religion, science, nature, man, morality, virtue, sin, freedom, justice, rights, duties, and other ultimates that are part and parcel of the life theories of the citizens. It includes the values arising out of the teaching, counseling, discipline, and example of the faculty and administration. It includes the permeating influence of the moral and intellectual values that interact in the total life of the school as a social institution. It includes the principles accepted with respect to the inquiry after truth by the school and by its faculty. Finally, this philosophy includes the impact of the studied exclusion of certain aspects of knowledge. Thus to seek to remove theology and religion from the school does not produce a benign neutralism, but instead indoctrinates students with the value judgment that theology and religion are not important.

Second, the educational philosophies within state schools are not public and neutral, but are rather the private values of only some taxpayers. Generally speaking, American taxpayers hold respectively to three principal educational philosophies. Some maintain that academic content can and must be taught within a secularistic (secular humanistic) philosophy which considers God and religion as of little or no significance for the school. Others hold that academic subjects can and should be taught within a nonsectarian value system which puts aside the particular dogmas of the various religious denominations and in their place teaches an undefined moral code presumably acceptable to men of all persuasions. Still others maintain that academic content can and must be taught within a value system enriched with the fullness of their own religious approach to life. Now, however desirable the state may consider the existence of a public educational philosophy and however vigorously it contends that either nonsectarianism or secular humanism is such a value, the fact is that the above theories are all private and particular to only certain taxpayers, as is also the theory that the present state school is neutral with respect to these three mutually irreconcilable value systems. Therefore, the state violates academic freedom when it uses the tax dollar to finance—and thus to elevate to public status—the private Unitarian and nonsectarian philosophies of Thomas Jefferson and Horace Mann or the private secularistic beliefs of John Dewey and Mada-

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lyn Murray O'Hair or some private mythical neutrality, while denying support to the philosophies of other taxpayers.

Third, with particular reference to that aspect of educational philosophy concerned with the methods of attaining knowledge, state colleges and universities today widely sponsor as orthodox the opinions of those who maintain that academic freedom demands the rejection of all dogma and principle and the acceptance of philosophical agnosticism or neutralism, thus depicting belief in objective certitude as the characteristic of an unscholarly mind. But such views are the private opinions of only some taxpayers and the state has no more right to subsidize them than to support the theories of those scholars who find enlightenment in theology as a starting point for inquiry into truth and knowledge.

Within the context of this discussion, the American state infringes the academic freedom of three main elements of the citizenry. The first consists of private groups, including the churches, which also have the right to conduct schools. Academic freedom demands that these groups have the right to fair competition in the struggle of ideas, but the state has set up an unfair situation by cornering the education tax to finance its own schools. The state often impairs the programs of private schools by enticing both faculty and students into its well-financed orbit. In this connection one group of state educators was recently told to hire away from a nearby private university any faculty member who gave effective competition to its program. Powerful Protestant and secularist backing of the state public school system has thus far prevented the long-overdue assessment of the harm the American state has done to private schooling. But now that the state is moving rapidly to a near-monopoly position on the higher education level, many private college and university people are becoming concerned. Thus in Illinois—a state in which the percentage of college and university students attending private schools has fallen from 65.5 per cent in 1950 to 41.8 per cent in 1966, with further drastic declines projected—some Protestant educators have recently become at least somewhat aware that the academic excellence, if not the very existence of their schools, is being undermined by the present implementation of the Illinois Master Plan for higher education. Finally, the increasing state monopolization of graduate schooling is perhaps the greatest threat to academic freedom, for monopoly here will ensure that the values of state graduate institutions will eventually prevail in non-state schools—and on all levels.

Second, the state infringes the academic freedom of many teachers who seek to study and teach within educational philosophies other than those being subsidized by the state. Current trends point to state faculties enjoying academic largesse with respect to salaries, teaching schedules, research opportunities, and the other facilities that assist the scholar, while their colleagues in private institutions will generally labor under deteriorating conditions. The academic community speaks earnestly of the necessity of academic freedom in the competitive struggle of ideas, but can any honest academician seriously dispute that what is at present tipping the scale for state educators is not the force or brilliance of their ideas but rather their monopoly access to the education tax dollar.

Third, the state violates the academic freedom of many parents and students to pursue academic content within educational philosophies of their choice. In July 1967 the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) and other national academic associations proposed a joint statement on the rights and freedoms of college and university students. This statement details a wide array of matters with respect to the academic freedom of students, but unfortunately it ignores what is today perhaps the most basic violation of the academic freedom not only of undergraduate and graduate but also of elementary and secondary students, namely, that the state generally offers them tax-supported opportunity only on the condition that they enroll within the influence of the private educational philosophies being imparted in the state schools. In an age in which schooling is compulsory on the lower levels and imperative on the higher, families and students who dissent from the state-subsidized values but who lack resources are in effect being economically coerced into enrolling in state schools. If substantial programs of tax-supported personal tuition grants were available, these citizens would enjoy the academic freedom to choose educational environments acceptable to them.

The American state has built up many a rationalization to defend its monopoly or near-monopoly control of the education tax. Thus, for example, it distorts the defeat of the Assessment Bill in 1785—a key aspect of the successful struggle of Jefferson and Madison to bring about religious liberty in Virginia—to justify the denial of a share of the education tax for academic content for students in church-related schools. But the Assessment Bill was intended primarily to support ministers and churches, whereas the present education tax is for schooling. Further this bill was not intended to tax anybody to pay for

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the values of others but would have given taxpayers the option of assigning their assessments to the ministers and churches of their choice, whereas the present system not only taxes dissenters to pay for the values of others but even denies them a share of the tax for academic content when they refuse to enroll within the influence of state-subsidized private values unacceptable to them. Unfortunately the Supreme Court—in the 1947 *Everson* decision—gave judicial sanction to this gross misinterpretation. The state correctly outlaws taxation for the exclusive support of one religious denomination, but, when the state taxes the general public for schooling, it may not justly deny the public benefit of academic content to a citizen because of his adherence to his denominational educational philosophy nor may it subsidize nonsectarian and secularistic values while refusing support to his. To act otherwise is to pervert the First Amendment into an instrument of oppression against the academic freedom of such a taxpayer. The state claims that no injustice is done to anybody because its schools are open to all, but such a declaration rings just as hollow to many taxpayers as does the assurance to an unhappy Baptist that the institutions of an undesired Catholic establishment are open to his children.

What Is the State's Mission?

The state has many other arguments. Thus it maintains that monopoly financing of its schools is necessary to achieve democracy and national unity, but this is a time-worn excuse to which the establishments of the Catholics in Spain, of the Episcopalians in Ireland and Virginia, and of the Congregationalists in Massachusetts and in Connecticut all had recourse to set up state monopoly subsidization of their private theories. The state contends that its monopoly is justified in view of its secular mission to educate, but here the state confuses its proper mission to promote the public benefit of secular academic content with its improper use of the tax dollar to subsidize the private secularistic philosophies of some of its citizens. The state argues that the present system is the only practical means of offering schooling, but academic freedom is a higher value than educational opportunity. Therefore, just as the Russian establishment cannot find forgiveness for its attacks on academic freedom by appealing to its efforts to expand e educational programs, so neither can the American state system, especially since it has in general stubbornly refused to grant a fair hearing to alternative methods of extending tax-supported opportunity. Finally, state educators often describe dissenters as ungrateful or divisive or undemocratic or un-American, but this is not the first time in history that those who enjoy all the money from a common tax have abused those taxpayers whom they have deprived of a share.

Some Breakthroughs

America needs desperately to re-examine the impact of the education tax on academic freedom. Is this tax only to support the teaching of academic content? Or is it also to subsidize educational philosophies, and, if so, whose? How should this tax be distributed when in practice both state and non-state schools teach the public benefit of academic content and impart private educational values? Clearly the rights of all concerned—the state, the church and other educators, faculties, parents, students, and other taxpayers—must be re-evaluated, with particular stress placed on distinguishing the personal rights of parents and students from the institutional rights of state, church, and school. Thus, even if churches and non-state schools were to have no rights to the education tax, the parents and students who choose such schools have personal constitutional rights in this matter that may not be ignored or impaired by reason of any handicaps under which church or school may now suffer. Finally, the state must recognize that true neutrality on its part would consist—with due regard for the common good—in its supporting either none or all of the educational philosophies of its taxpayers and in giving students an equitable share of the education tax to attend the schools of their choice.

Fortunately some breakthroughs have recently been made in this matter. On the federal level and to some extent in a handful of states—especially on the higher education level—various governmental programs have been enacted to assist private schools and to develop personal tuition grants assisting students to attend schools of their choosing. But what has been done has merely scratched the surface. Those who believe in an education apart from state schools must bestir themselves and shake off the growing sense of the inevitability of their own destruction at the hands of the state. They must reach a clear understanding of their rights and formulate a plan of action, perhaps forgoing government grants directly to their schools to concentrate instead on massive programs of personal tuition grants to students. They must bring their case to the public and to both federal and state legislators. Instead of waiting about nervously for the next challenge from such enemies of academic freedom in this matter as the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), the American Humanist Association, the American Jewish Congress, the Horace Mann League, Protestants and Other Americans (POAU), and Madalyn Murray O'Hair, they must bring their own grievances to the courts. They must prepare cases dealing with federal and state violations of their academic rights based on the First, Fifth, and Fourteenth amendments to the federal Constitution and on the various provisions in state constitutions guaranteeing freedom and the equal protection of the laws. They must re-examine state constitutions and seek to remove therefrom all barriers to academic freedom. Finally, they must urge educational associations on all levels, and in particular the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), to take up the struggle for this aspect of academic freedom with the full force of their resources, energies, and powers.

There are times in human history when men can still stop injustices that may else endure for centuries. Some believe the time for rescuing the academic freedom of those who believe in an education apart from the state schools is past. Perhaps not. Perhaps if all men and women who believe in freedom will rise—and rise vigorously—to the grave task at hand, academic freedom may yet be re-restored and preserved in American education.

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DOWN THE UP STAIRCASE

The life of the graduate student is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and long. Some impressions, based on depth research, and proposals for reform

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL BLUES

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

I am only interested in facts that feed an interest which is total, directed to the universe and to life as an existing whole; and it is my intuition of the nature of that wholeness, my desire to hold it within my mind as a coherent conception, which drives me on to the discovery of facts and their reconciliation in a philosophy of life.—Sir Herbert Read, "The Adamantine Sickle" (1962).

To many observers, academic graduate education in America makes sense primarily as an initiation ritual, which inflicts scars upon a young man before it certifies him as mature enough to face the professional world. As a teaching institution, it generally offers considerably less education than the prospective scholar or teacher received as an undergraduate. As a professional school, it tends to discourage many of its most promising candidates at the same time that it fails to fulfill the increasing demand for qualified teachers. Intellectually, graduate school operates in the face of an increasingly common suspicion that its practices do the mind more harm than good, as well as the embarrassing fact that many of the most admired scholars, particularly in the humanities, do not have doctorates at all. As a human experience, it is so needlessly stultifying and painful, even for the most successful, that I suspect that miserable memories of graduate school may be the "shared awareness" of the intellectual generation under thirty. Not only does nearly everyone involved take the situation more cynically than seriously but a dislike for graduate school is nearly all but unanimous. The professors would prefer to lecture undergraduates, whom they rightly regard as possessing livelier minds, while the graduate students themselves nostalgically remember undergraduate pleasures.

The Stuff About the Stuff

Educationally, the boundary separating college from graduate school lies between the stuff and the stuff about the stuff. Whereas the former taught the subject, the latter aims to inculcate the scholarship about the subject—historiography rather than history, criticism rather than literature. Therefore, if the undergraduate course surveys a certain period of American history, the graduate student learns what previous scholars have said about that period. If an undergraduate test asked about Jackson and the Bank of the United States, so the graduate school examinations, particularly the much-feared orals, will ask the student to compare and contrast the various scholarly interpretations of that event. Professors Govan and Schlesinger, Hammond and Hofstadter replace Messrs. Jackson and Biddle as the foci of interest, as in American literature Fiedelson and Fiedler, Arvin and Matthiessen have similarly superseded Hawthorne and Melville.

One fact that makes the graduate student's task more difficult than ever before is that the amount of scholarship has expanded so much in the past generation that whereas there were once a few books on a major question, now a plethora of important interpretations exist, as well as a secondary spate of critical analyses of these major scholarly interpretations —the stuff about the stuff about the stuff. Few professors will publicly admit what every graduate student rapidly discovers—that it is impossible for even the specialist in a period to master, let alone read, everything that has already appeared; and since scholars today, a class measured in ever-increasing numbers, bestow an even greater legacy of research upon their own successors—the amount of scholarship on certain subjects multiplies faster than rabbits; and the situation is becoming increasingly impossible for professor and student alike. As W. Gordon Whaley, Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Texas, observed of his own field, "Biological science would do well to stop trying to pass along impossibly large bodies of information. . . . It is high time for the older biologists to stop defending their handling of biological knowledge in the nineteenth-century pattern." Indeed, the ideal of *remembering* detailed scholarship—filing it away in one's head—by now seems more appropriate to a bygone age, when graduate students could not afford substantial personal libraries, inexpensive reference books were nonexistent, and most professors in the provinces did not have convenient access to even larger university and community libraries.

In the writing of papers the student discovers that American education is like an inverted funnel—the higher he goes, the less horizontal space he can cover. Whereas he might have written on Thomas Jefferson's entire career in high school, in college he judiciously circumscribed just

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one phase of Jefferson's life; and in graduate school, which insists that his work be an "exhaustive and definitive" contribution to an accumulated tradition known as scholarship (even though his bit will probably be quickly superseded by scholarship even more exhaustive and definitive), the young man will write more pages, a book's length indeed, on just one small enclave of his previous subject —say, Jefferson's ideas on architecture.

The Unlearning Process

Moreover, whatever capacities for large generalization and personally derived synthesis he may have had as an undergraduate become a liability he learns to neglect in graduate school, because the circumscribed "standards" for "respectable research" discourage, if not exclude, problematic syntheses and adventurous interpretations in favor of the trivial subjects and the safe approaches. However, since subjects at the broader bottom of the funnel are invariably more interesting—mentally challenging and intellectually significant—most budding scholars suffer a diminution, if not a loss, of their previous enthusiasm. As Theodore Solotaroff put it, "While the undergraduate in a good college has the sense of being directed toward realizing his best intellectual possibilities, the graduate student finds himself part of an impersonal and often rigid orientation." An educational system designed to produce scholarly specialists, rather than to expand and enliven the mind, is responsible for what is commonly observed — graduate students seem manifestly more subservient than undergraduates, as well as latently more frustrated and embittered.

Moreover, in the classes themselves, perhaps too much time is exhausted on trivial matters, which only a few dogged students would and will pursue on their own initiative—the compiling of fantastically extensive bibliographies, the comparison of various texts, the dredging of peripheral information, etc.; and examinations and/or research papers in this material are more often painful than not. "The doctorate system in English literature," wrote Louis D. Rubin, then chairman at Hollins College, "actually stifles and kills the spontaneity and immediacy that the good student brings to literary study." The same criticism would apply analogously to other disciplines in the humanities as well as the social sciences. (Graduate study in the physical sciences, I am led to believe, offers its own problems.)

What graduate school does not teach, or even encourage, are those qualities the students invariably admire in the most eminent professors —the capacities to interpret a large range of material, to apply the ideas drawn from one area to illuminate another, to integrate conflicting interpretations, to initiate a new scholarly direction, to insist upon doing significant work, to make sense of the mysterious, and to risk evaluative judgments. Although defenders of the current standards for graduate theses often contend that there is important research to be done, the embarrassing fact is that precious little significant scholarship comes out of doctoral theses; and some of the most respected and influential scholarly works of our time would, if presented as Ph.D. theses, probably have been judged "unacceptable" for one reason or another. Furthermore, what conclusively distinguishes the truly devoted professional scholar from the amateur inspired by a visible reward is not his first major project, the doctoral dissertation, but his second and third; and for this reason, it is his later work that usually represents the functioning scholar's most significant contribution to the academic tradition.

These observations, in turn, probably explain not only why the more ambitious scholar must literally unlearn, if possible, many of the habits acquired in graduate school before he undertakes his major work, but also why the following respected American-born scholars, among others, have never received a doctorate: the English professors R. P. Blackmur, Kenneth Burke, Robert Penn Warren, Harry Levin, John Crowe Ransom; the historians Allan Nevins, Lewis Mumford, Arthur Schlesinger Jr.; the musicologists Milton Babbitt and Oliver Strunk; the social scientists Reuel Denney and David Riesman; the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr; and the architect-philosopher R. Buckminster Fuller. (The inclusion of Englishmen now teaching here, many of whom did not need doctorates for their initial teaching jobs within the British Empire, would make the list even more persuasive.) Nonetheless, the fact that all these Americans are over fifty confirms the impression I have informally acquired—that even the more independent universities have become more insistent about the doctorate as a necessary prerequisite for a professorial position.

On the Assembly Line

Indeed, Fuller's own critique of graduate school, in *Education Automation* (1962), recognizes the underlying yet effective castrating strategy at the base of its processes: "The old masters, then, in order to prevent themselves from being displaced . . . deliberately went to work taking the young, bright ones as they come along, and divided them up anticipatorily into non-self-integratable *specializations,* which made them completely innocuous as challengers to comprehensive grand strategy thinking and practical affairs integration." Indicatively, the graduate system functions to curb the young scholar's personality and place him in an assembly line, rather than to bestow the equipment and create the conditions for individual initiative.

In a more practical sense, an academic graduate school is a licensing mill, manufacturing M.A.s for those who wish to teach in high schools and junior colleges and endowing incipient professors with Ph.D.s. However, even at this task it is needlessly inefficient. First, most of the education offered a graduate student in a Ph.D. program does not prepare him to teach undergraduates. The trouble is that all his knowledge of scholarship, all his research into minutiae, all that detailed familiarity with a particular issue will hardly help him construct a well-scaled and clear presentation of a large body of knowledge, for that task needs precisely those capacities for generalization and synthesis that graduate school discouraged. This explains why so many fledgling teachers find they must slough off graduate school habits and literally re-learn their subject to teach it effectively. And why department chairmen rarely ask to *read* a prospective employee's doctoral thesis, in addition to why, after finishing a Ph.D. program, the alumnus is probably better equipped to teach graduate seminars, his primary diet for the previous few years, than undergraduate surveys. Since fellowships are less than plentiful, particularly at large universities, and parents who can afford to subsidize legal educa-

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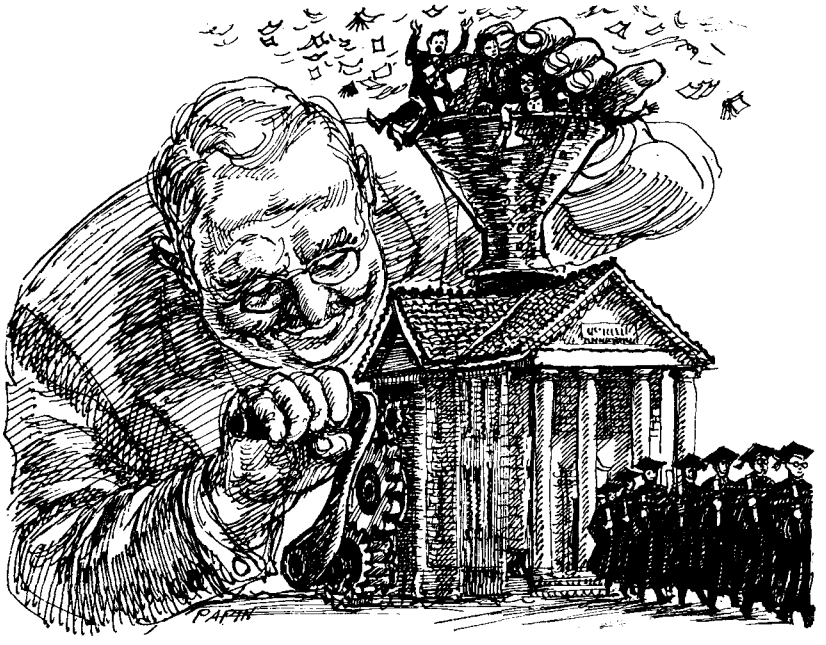
tion customarily hesitate to support academic training, a Ph.D. candidate usually needs to teach basic courses to support his own study; but the sense of style and scale appropriate to one dimension of his professional endeavor turns out to be wholly inappropriate to the other. No wonder, then, that graduate students who also teach seem more intellectually confused and more at the mercy of their contrary circumstance, as well as simply exhausted by the rigors of moonlighting. As Jacques Barzun concisely phrased it in *Teacher in America*, "Writing a first book (i.e. the thesis) and learning to teach are almost always incompatible occupations; and attempting both under a superior's eye adds to the strain."

Other deleterious effects stem as much from graduate school's irrationality as its mechanics of operation and its power leverage. The process is for nearly everybody more impersonal than undergraduate college. Especially in the larger institutions, lecture courses are addressed to scores of people and the individual student rarely sees his adviser, who in turn has barely enough memory or energy to relate to the problems of all his advisees. (For these reasons alone, some graduate schools are hardly worth their tuition.) Rather than get involved too deeply, the teacher indulges the natural human impulse to nod politely and go on to the next graduate student. This lack of personal attention often causes feelings of isolation and insecurity, which in turn produce neurosis, psychosis, lethargy, promiscuous "shacking-up," and premature marriage—a syndrome accurately portrayed in Philip Roth's novel of graduate school existence, *Letting Go* (1962). When the student finally submits his thesis, he might discover that not only are his conclusions inadequate but even his basic approach was all wrong. Yet, should the latter criticism be offered, as it often is, the teacher quite likely did not examine the student's outline closely enough to offer an advance warning as well as now refusing to take responsibility for his haste; and there is no effective protest the student can make.

Power in graduate school is more concentrated and authoritarian than the pluralistic diffusion of control in college; for if the undergraduate need merely "pass" through a succession of obstacles, the graduate student must obtain not just a collection of marks, tendered at the end of a prearranged period of time, but a seal of approval stamped only after he has at his own speed fulfilled certain pre-determined requirements. In effect, then, the graduate student's thesis adviser has the power not only of evaluating and criticizing the student's research, but of withholding, or refusing outright, his license to teach in universities; and no matter how generous and sympathetic a human being the adviser is, this kind of ultimate power cannot but breed its own vanities, corruptions and injustices.



If, for instance, the professor judges that a prospective doctoral thesis (the work of a few years) does not qualify for a degree, the student can either revise it according to his adviser's suggestions, if not prescriptions (a job of several months), or start over again on another subject. Advisers have been known to ask certain students to leave graduate school entirely, as often because they were not doing the requisite work as because the work they submitted did not conform to the local established taste. One friend remembers getting an axe cushioned by "Your prose style is not scientific enough," only to discover at another university that his adviser there admired the "clarity" of his writing. In most places graduate school offers no courts of appeal, either manifest or implicit; and unless the student can find another sponsor, his fate has literally been sealed by one man. This repressive situation justifiably makes the student both frightened of his own initiative and hypersensitively attentive to his adviser. Not only do the students freely trade their insights, rather warnings, into a sponsor's intellectual biases, but some of the sharper graduate students might even know how subjective factors—say, his relationship with his wife—will affect his judgments. After all, if there exists only one network of netting to the other side, the climber might as well know *all* the ropes. More docile or frightened students will even do research at the sponsor's explicit suggestion and direction; others will dutifully request that he propose a subject to them; and more than a few professors have been known to incorporate this supervised legwork into their own publications. In all, the situation is simply not conducive to serious scholarly work by the graduate student; for not only is serious writing, almost by definition, done not for an overseer but primarily for oneself, but academic "standards," as well as the adviser's prejudices, function as internalized censoring devices between the student's first thoughts and his typewritten pages.

American graduate education demands far too many of youth's years —seven being the national *median*, a decade having been quite frequent, and four signifying an enviably rapid pace. No other craft union except

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medicine accepts as normal such a long training period before issuing a membership certificate; and few other understaffed industries need so many qualified members as the universities. All these discrepancies between intention and effect grant graduate schools an image of irrational absurdity, as well as disillusioning the many promising students who drop out in disgust at a rate that alone serves as another implicit indictment of the system. Of the 170,000 or so current candidates for a Ph.D., only one-tenth will receive the terminal degree this year; and of the thousand or so touted incipient scholars that received each year for the past decade the coveted Woodrow Wilson Fellowship, only 70 per cent (official estimate) were either teaching or continuing their studies five years after beginning graduate school.

Dropping out of graduate school is considerably different from dropping out of college; for if the college dropout usually has enough feelings of guilt and fears of failure to try again for his degree, the graduate student regards his decision more positively —an escape from an oppressive environment to which he will never return; and the circles of the world's successful have more graduate school drop-outs than those who departed prematurely and permanently from college. Ian Brayley, self-characterized as "one of the survivors," judged in the journal *Liberal Education* (1960), "The candidates who gave up look like more suitable material than those who stayed." Many of the brightest people in New York publishing, for instance, terminated Columbia with an M.A., and the staffs of intellectual organizations, from foundations to consultants, generally include a heavy sprinkling of sometime graduate students. Most of the drop-outs believe, surveys report, that graduate school was both riddled with an excess of needless uncertainties and too remote from the realities either of their previous intellectual interests or their prospective teaching careers.

Very few people enjoy graduate school, and many of those who came away with doctorates still have nightmares about their years there. I never quite realized how awful the experience must be for even the most successful until I noticed that of the hundred-plus top-level students chosen for Fulbright Scholarships in England in 1964-5, very few of them felt equanimity with graduate school. Similarly, one eminent sociologist I know, a young chairman of a large department, confesses that he finds it horribly difficult to come out of the subway at 116th Street and Broadway, so oppressive are his memories of his graduate years at Columbia; and almost every time I have reported his story to a gathering of people, someone else offers a parallel example of a professor he knew.

A Shorter Course

Most of my criticisms so far presume that the deficiencies of academic graduate education stem more from the system itself than the people who run it, who in my experience are generally more high-minded than most. So, I would suggest that the system itself needs several revisions. Educationally, it must adapt itself to the knowledge explosion, which is an unprecedented situation partly of graduate schools' own creation. It is no longer possible for any sane human being to read and remember the bulk of what has been said even upon subjects that professionally interest him, and the insane are finding a thorough familiarity with "the literature," as they say, less and less possible. Moreover, the accumulation of encyclopedic detail is not a particularly enjoyable, or useful, intellectual process.

If a purpose of graduate education is an introduction to scholarly research, then the curriculum should, instead, emphasize the conceptual approaches within a certain discipline—the diverse ways that scholars have developed of regarding the basic material—as well as the most effective strategies of explanation, verification and presentation. In history, this would include study of the various methods of interpretation—economic, sociological, political, intellectual; in literature, the curriculum would emphasize the different scholarly-critical approaches — historical, biographical, mythical, rhetorical etc.

To put it differently, rather than teach the content of scholarship, most of which can be easily retrieved, graduate school should inculcate the methods of scholarly research; and educationally, this should provide a more substantial training for the incipient scholar's own subsequent work, as well as prepare him to survey rapidly both earlier and future research into subjects that demand his attention. "Our ability at any moment to accept new knowledge is narrowly delimited by the existing state of knowledge," writes George Kubler in *The Shape of Time* (1962). "The more we know, the more knowledge we can accept." Since pattern-recognition takes considerably less time than data-accumulation, the classroom part of graduate school should not take much longer than one year. (It could also include the usual tests in foreign languages, even though polylinguistic competence should really be the business of elementary education.)

This shift in emphasis implies the need for more effective and detailed classification of scholarship. As lawyers have developed systems for classifying legal precedents, so I would suggest that all scholarship, from books to articles, should be filed by a numerical system that refers, respectively, to discipline, the discrete event, and the character of the scholarly approach. For instance, 3-14-9 might be history (3), Jackson and the Bank (14), and economic analysis (9). Therefore, if a researcher wanted to check economic interpretations of Jackson and the Bank, he would merely look in the index under the magic number of 3-14-9 and then get the proper citations. Perhaps a large library might have a computer that would also collate relevant collateral materials whose primary listings would be under other categories, as the computer at the Internal Revenue Service presently can retrieve for a lawyer all citations of earlier cases pertaining to a certain matter, as well as analogously relevant precedents. Such a machine, incidentally, would also save millions of years of scholarly drudgery. For these reasons, the final examination in graduate school should test less the student's full knowledge of the scholarship than his ability to use the indices to find the appropriate scholarly precedents efficiently, thoroughly and accurately. After all, such a quiz would be, like a driving test, a simulated approximation of the actual work to be done.

The undergraduate population is burgeoning every year; and to further increase the need for classroom teachers, elder professors have come to measure their reputations by how few classes they teach, as well as how many year-long leaves they can take in a decade; therefore, particularly

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since enrollments are increasing every year, a primary purpose of graduate schools today should be the licensing of as many professional teachers as possible. First of all, if only to satisfy the demand for greater numbers, it should cease being needlessly difficult and prolonged; for no graduate school should be so tough that it cannot grant a degree of some sort to nearly everybody it accepts for entrance. Not to devalue the granting institution's standing and integrity, however, let me also suggest that the degrees should have ratings, as British undergraduate degrees do, of, say, first-class, second-class and so on; therefore, the reputation of the bestowing university and the level of an incipient teacher's degrees, along with his references and perhaps a personal interview, would influence his employment possibilities.

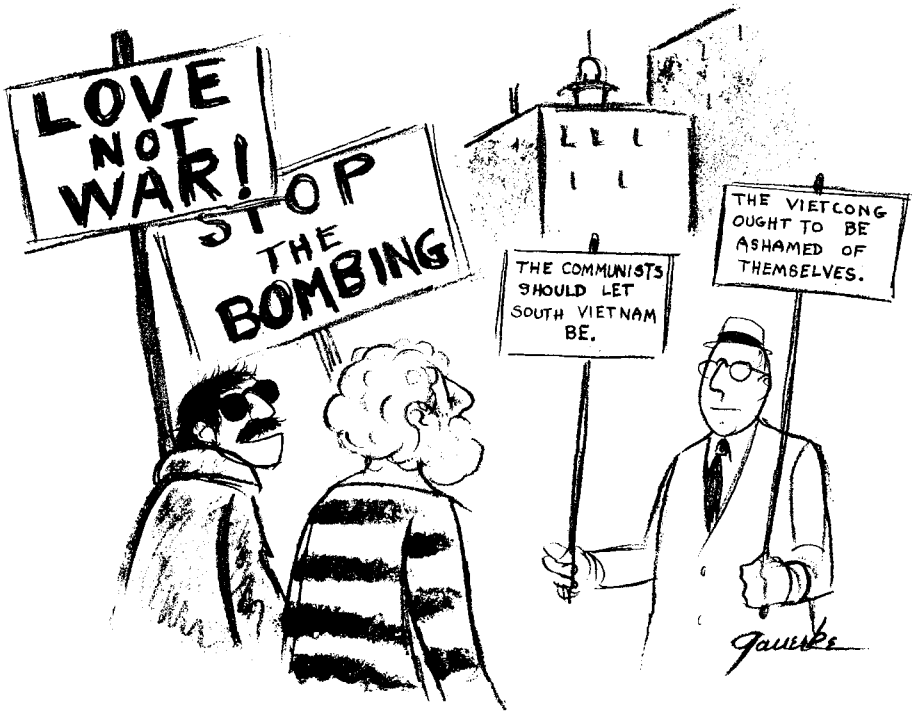
Teachers and Researchers

Furthermore, there is no justifiable reason, either intellectual, professional or humane, why graduate school should necessarily consume more than two years of a young person's life. As the educational phase of it, in this scheme, should take no more than one year, the second should be devoted to a thesis. Since in most disciplines untapped research subjects are becoming as scarce as contented graduate students (as well as less interesting), let me propose the option of two kinds of thesis, each one leading to a different degree. For original research, like that currently required for a doctorate, the university would bestow a Ph.D. for a scholarly contribution. For a graduate disinclined to scholarship and yet desirous of a university-level teaching license, graduate school could award an A.D. or a Doctor of Arts for a realized interpretative synthesis of a large area of material—a process resembling the preparation of a series of survey lectures. Universities that wanted to hire researchers would pick the former; teachers, the latter. Finally, the length requirements should be modest enough (120 pages, at minimum) to insure that nearly everyone completes his thesis within an academic year; and standards should be lenient enough to approve as "acceptable" everything better than a ridiculously inadequate job — the sort of bad paper that would have been failed in college.

To further prepare him for the realities of his career, the young student should for his third year apprentice himself to a mature scholar, becoming his helper for the academic year. Such a role would include guest-lecturing in his basic courses, supervising section seminars, editing manuscripts, writing official letters, doing research, holding conferences with students—assuming all the tasks of a professor and going through all the regular motions of his job, without commanding the authority. Just as the best law students get the most desirable clerkships, so the best graduate students would become assistants to the most eminent professors. By this point, the incipient teacher would, I think, be better equipped than his compatriot today to face classes of undergraduates, while the budding researcher would be better prepared to explore on his own the more adventurous connections and problematic interpretations he conjectured but did not develop as a graduate student; of course nothing should forbid or discourage a Ph.D. from teaching extensively or an A.D. from attempting research.

Our universities themselves are in need of one sweeping further reform; for as most critics perceive, the more that enter the worse it gets. The over-all deficiencies of graduate education—personal anomie, lack of individual attention, arbitrarily executed authority, excessively large classes — are particularly acute at sprawling urban universities where it is actually possible for even a bright and lively young person to make so little impression upon a faculty member that, at the end of his stay, he is unable to justify a request for a reference. Indeed, he often received more of an "education" from the surrounding city than in the classroom.

Nothing is more urgently or obviously needed in graduate education than the decentralization of all those functions that can be viably split into separate units—faculties in the most populous disciplines, administrative personnel, janitorial service — while one-of-a-kind facilities, such as libraries and specialized laboratories, would be preserved on a central campus. Nothing would more immediately return university education to its traditional format of an interpersonal medium as well as encourage more cordial relations among all members of the academic community. The point is that everyone concerned knows that graduate schools today hardly fulfill their purposes; the future forbodes more Berkeleys and more. "Free Universities." Only through a reform that extricates graduate education from its commitment to nineteenth-century practices as well as replaces ritual with more purposeful policy, will the universities approximate conditions more conducive to their educational, professional and human needs.


LOVE NOT WAR!
STOP THE BOMBING
THE COMMUNISTS SHOULD LET SOUTH VIETNAM BE.
THE VIETCONG OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES.
Gauerke

"At least he's got the guts to stand up for his nutty ideas."

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GOOD BOOKS, BAD BOOKS

The tragedy of Kenneth Galbraith is that his bad books make the splash. Mr. Clark believes Galbraith is a popularizer rather than an innovator and that he is popularizing faulty economics

THE EMINENCE OF PROFESSOR GALBRAITH

COLIN CLARK

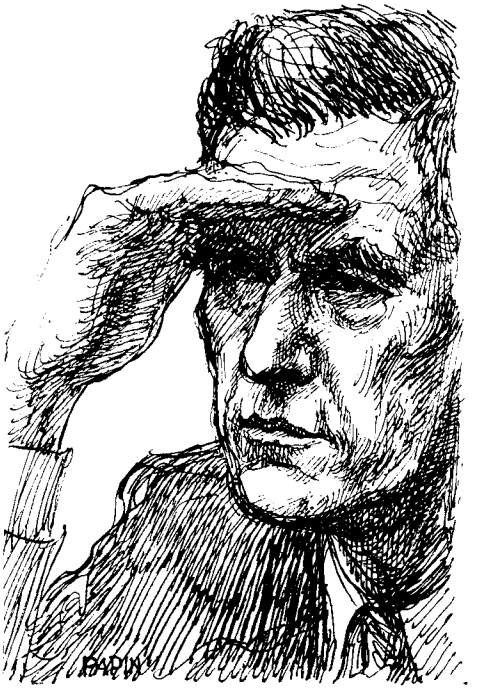
Economics can only succeed as an empirical science. Economists have to make use of theories. But they should do so with a cautious resolve not to carry them beyond their proper limits, and persistently checking them against observed facts.

It was not an accident that economics should have originated in eighteenth-century Britain — even then a country with worldwide trading interests. But a more fundamental reason was the cautious empiricism of the British mind, in strong contrast with the love of system and theory of most Europeans.

This is not just a piece of intellectual history. It was through excessive reliance upon, and the drawing of unwarranted deductions from the prevailing economic theories of the time that the horrors of Marxism were loosed upon the world, with all its untold consequences, whose end we have by no means yet seen. It is another form of theoretical reasoning unchecked by facts which has produced the minor horror of Galbraithism.

America inherited British empiricism in full, even to the extent of giving it the philosophical name of pragmatism. Americans, however, should be grateful for Mr. Buckley's warning that what began originally as healthy pragmatism is capable of degenerating into an evil form of philosophic positivism, with an excessive preoccupation with methods, at expense of thought about the objects to be attained.

In the American intellectual climate, the science of economics flourished. During recent decades, world



leadership in economics has passed from Britain to America. The reasons for this intellectual leadership are somewhat akin to those which have also led to American industrial leadership, namely working for a larger market, drawing resources from a larger population, subdivision of processes, careful training of specialists. The days of simple propositions in economics are over, and the advances now taking place in economic science appear in the form of difficult technical and mathematical papers, most of them in American learned journals.

The name of John Kenneth Galbraith, however, is not counted among these leaders. It is now nearly two decades since he has done any work as a scientific economist. The field in which he writes, with a copiousness which some of his critics categorize as positively incontinent, is that which our predecessors used to call "Political Economy"—that territory which lies on the borders between economics, history, politics and sociology. Professor Galbraith's prominence is indeed an indication of the weakness of American thought in this field, contrasting strongly with its brilliant achievements in pure economic science. Unlike Mill, Marshall, Keynes and other great British economists of the past, who were always willing (for better or worse) to expound their proposals about politics, government, and international relations, most of the leading American economists today are happy to remain as such, and to leave the problems of government to others. There are, of course, exceptions, including the contrasting figures of Professor Friedman and Professor Samuelson, but they are few. There may be understandable reasons for this intellectual retreat to the ivory tower. But it is none the less dangerous, especially if it leaves public opinion to be informed by charlatans. This intellectual retreat from contemporary problems was one of the outstanding faults of pre-Nazi Germany.

I cannot refrain from pointing out that the system of teaching economics at Oxford (though not at other British universities) requires the student also to devote substantial time to studying philosophy, political theory and modern political history. Though keen specialists resent this diversion

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of their intellectual energies, saying that it hampers them in their efforts to compete with the products of Cambridge (Mass.) and Cambridge (England), it nevertheless produces much better politicians and leaders of public opinion. The three British political parties have all chosen leaders trained in this school.

Potshots at the Empire

Professor Galbraith is, humanly speaking, a very likable person—it is the ideas one quarrels with, not the man. Beneath the tremendous self-assurance of his speeches and writings, there lies however a remarkable naiveté. He first became prominent in politics as one of Stevenson's speech writers for the 1952 Presidential campaign. When the campaign was lost, he thought that the world was coming to an end—that it would literally dissolve in war and chaos in the next few years. It may be true, as NATIONAL REVIEW acidly remarked, that had Stevenson won that election, America might have made a firmer response to her enemies during the 1950s than she did under President Eisenhower. But that is not at all what Professor Galbraith had in mind.

Professor Galbraith was born and brought up in Canada, in the physical and intellectual austerity of the Maritime Provinces, in a region settled by Scottish Presbyterians. He does not go to church, which would debar him from attempting to enter American politics (so he coyly explained at a recent press conference in London)—all churches, he complained, reminded him too vividly of the long sermons and hard church benches of his Presbyterian childhood. He has long been an American citizen. Nobody grudges him the right to change his nationality. But he should not reserve his most disagreeable insults for the Sovereign and Empire of which he was once a subject. In the early years of his academic career, in the late 1930s, he displayed high ability, and secured rapid promotion, at a time when vacancies were very few. During the war, somewhat to his surprise, he found himself appointed a high-ranking official in the office whose incredible task was supposed to be to regulate prices in every transaction in the whole United States. In a recent lecture he vividly described the futility of these proceedings. Corporations applying for price increases had their cases backed up by teams of technical experts of all kinds, in addition to their public relations men, or "experts in public righteousness." To have checked any of these claims would have required a comparable team of experts, who in fact could probably only have been obtained by robbing the corporations who were engaged in producing the goods; and, in any case, the checking would have had to have been passed by.

But in another lecture a few days later Professor Galbraith was cheerfully saying that the government should control all wages and prices. Never was there such a master of the non sequitur.

After the war Professor Galbraith became a writer for *Fortune.* No disparagement is intended either of Professor Galbraith or of *Fortune* in saying that he should probably have stayed there. An ability to write quickly and abundantly, in a light and lively manner, on industrial and economic issues which do not reach down to the fundamentals of economic and political theory, is Professor Galbraith's real *métier.* He did some good writing during this period. He also wrote a book, *American Capitalism—the Doctrine of Countervailing Power.* Professor Galbraith has written, more or less alternately, good and bad books—unfortunately it is the bad books which attract all the attention. In this particular book, which was a good book, he developed the interesting idea that unduly powerful economic organizations tended to provoke a natural and beneficial response by encouraging other organizations to seek "countervailing power." Thus the monopolistic power of certain industrialists has been offset by the countervailing growth of powerful buying organizations; or, conversely, the excessive power of the buyers of certain agricultural products has been offset by the growth of farmers' cooperatives. These were very sensible conclusions, a far cry from his more recent writings, in which he positively welcomes the growth of industrial monopolies.

However, in 1949 he was offered a chair at Harvard, the highest academic honor America has to offer, and it is not surprising that he took it. He explained to me at the time that convention required an American to accept a chair at Harvard if it offered as much as one quarter of one's previous earnings.

In 1958, Professor Galbraith published what is, unfortunately, his best known work, *The Affluent Society.* The title of this book, and some of the principal phrases from it, such as "private affluence and public squalor" have literally become household words, in other English-speaking countries as well as in the United States. This book was well-written (another example of preoccupation with method at the expense of object), which is the reason why it has become so well-known. But, without exception, the conclusions stated in this book are wrong, and their dissemination will do harm.

Analysis a Sometime Thing

One might have said that *The Affluent Society* was Professor Galbraith's worst book. But this honor should be reserved for a book published in 1955, *The Great Crash, 1929,* a work of extreme superficiality and vulgarity, which makes no serious attempt at the task of analyzing the highly unusual economic situation of the late 1920s. That Professor Galbraith was perfectly capable of undertaking this task is indicated by an essay in one of his better books, *The Liberal Hour* (1960), which does make a detailed and objective analysis of economic policy in this period, reaching the interesting conclusion that the much-blamed Hoover deserves commendation for some courageous and intelligent efforts to deal with a situation which, by his time, had almost got out of control, while Coolidge, on the other hand, was guilty of neglect and complacency.

The Liberal Hour also contained an interesting essay on Henry Ford's career as a businessman and amateur politician. Ford's hostility to bankers was carried to extreme lengths, and he stands convicted besides of a crude antisemitism. But Professor Galbraith is rather too censorious of his achievements as a businessman, and does not do full justice to his courageous and fruitful decision in 1914 to pay the then unheard-of wage of five dollars a day.

President Kennedy appointed Professor Galbraith United States Ambassador to India. While there he

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made some sensible speeches about using more fertilizer. He also became known as an art critic and patron, which interest constitutes the subject of several of his recent essays.

Better Politicians Needed

In 1966 the British Broadcasting Corporation invited Professor Galbraith to give the Reith Lectures. These are a British national institution. When broadcasting began in Britain in the 1920s, it was organized as a public monopoly under the control of an austere Scottish Presbyterian, Sir John Reith, who believed in giving people what was good for them, particularly on Sundays; and this came to include an annual series of radio lectures on Important Subjects. The *Spectator,* a journal with an independent critical tradition going back to the eighteenth century, which has criticized Professor Galbraith much more trenchantly than anything written here, described the Reith Lectures as a "coelocanth" (the strange fish long believed by biologists to be extinct, but recently discovered to be actively swimming about in certain parts of the ocean). This criticism, however, only appears to have endeared the institution still more to the British public, always famed as animal-lovers. In Professor Galbraith's Reith Lectures we had all the old fallacies trotted out again, but now padded out to tedious and interminable length, and garnished with wisecracks which had lost their sparkle. Nevertheless they extensively influenced British public opinion.

The erroneous and harmful doctrines which Professor Galbraith teaches can be summarized in a few sentences. He directly challenges the central principle that prices, wages etc. should be determined (subject to a limited number of exceptions, under conditions which can be precisely specified) by competition in a free market; and that, subject to the specified exceptions, any departure from free competition will, to a greater or lesser degree, injure the public welfare. Professor Galbraith, though he never makes it quite clear whether he is writing in the indicative or imperative mood, appears to say both that competition does not and should not determine prices and wages. Monopolies of all kinds, agreements to maintain prices and wages on the part of industrialists or trade unions, are good, and attempts to restore free, or freer competition, by Sherman, Clayton or Taft-Hartley Acts, are futile and harmful. The large and powerful industrial monopolies which he favors should not only decide prices, but also make their own decisions about what it is convenient for them to produce, rather than trying to find out what the consumer wants. The corporations then tell the consumer what he is to want by means of expensive and high-powered advertising, and dispose of their output profitably in consequence. Corporation executives do all this with the primary object of enabling their businesses to grow larger, so that their own salaries will be increased, which is considered to be a good thing. Industrial corporations must "defend their autonomy" against shareholders and investors by financing themselves entirely from undistributed profits. At the same time, all this "private affluence" is accompanied by a great deal of "public squalor," and it is necessary to give governments a great deal more money to spend on various desirable objects, including paying the unemployed as much as they would earn if they were working. America undoubtedly has a good deal of "public squalor." But the worst possible solution would be to offer still more money to existing politicians. What America needs is to get better politicians—particularly in city government.

Appealing to the Naive

It can be all too readily seen how this strange congeries of doctrines has proved attractive not only to professed liberals (in the American sense of the word), and to young men inheriting fortunes made in the days when business was not so competitive as it is now, who like to be told that competition is a bad thing anyway. But it appeals also to the more naive type of businessman, and to advertisers, politicians, clergymen, teachers and others who do not know any economics, and like to think that they have found the subject presented in a simple and readable form, and rearranged in accordance with their preconceptions. He has, of course, a following in Harvard—but not (or so it appeared to me from a recent visit) as strong as it once was.

Most people think these ideas originated with Professor Galbraith. It is indeed through him that the great majority of people have heard of them. But their intellectual roots go deeper. The real origin of many of these ideas was in the mind of Joseph Alois Schumpeter. This extraordinary figure, who spent the last years of his life (he died in 1950) at Harvard, who secured a wide and respectful following among economists, sociologists and political scientists, was an Austrian Catholic aristocrat, a link with the fabulous court of the Emperor Franz Joseph, cavalry uniforms, duels and all—no wonder Harvard was entranced. He secured a professorship at an early age, by political influence, though admittedly a man of exceptionally well-informed and original mind. He married an English wife, from whom he was tragically separated by the First World War. In 1919, for a short time, he became Austria's Finance Minister, presiding helplessly over the uncontrollable inflation of his country's currency, but nevertheless for the rest of his life expressing his contempt for those economists who had not had similar political experience. He was a fluent writer and an endless talker —I once spent a day with him, listening to a flow of ideas which never stopped. His European colleagues who knew him best pointed out that he was much more interested in the process of dialectic itself than in the validity of any conclusions reached (Mr. Buckley's principle of decadence once again). His conclusions were certainly startling enough. Besides leading Professor Galbraith in the idea that competition should be restrained and not encouraged, he claimed that the United States could be efficiently run by a system of state socialism under completely centralized direction—though he added that he himself would prefer not to see this happen, not on any grounds of personal liberty or of economic efficiency, but for cultural reasons. Businessmen, he stated, were politically inept, and the only rational form of society was to have government run by a hereditary aristocracy, telling the businessmen what to do, as in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Politics had nothing to do with promoting the national welfare, but was just a game to see who could get

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best support for his party. The greatest of British Prime Ministers was Ramsay MacDonald. And so on. Nevertheless many readers in America, tired of the dry writings of the specialists, and hungry for something new, broad and interesting in the field of political economy, happily swallowed all this garbage.

Everything But the Facts

Not much space remains, though indeed little is needed, to point out the glaring errors of Mr. Galbraith's economics. He says in *The Affluent Society* (though in subsequent writings he has been a little more cautious on this point) that industry could not keep going without ever-increasing expenditure on advertising in order to sell people what they do not really want. Quite apart from the economics, or the morals, of such an idea, Professor Galbraith is wildly wrong about the facts. On a limited range of commodities, familiar to us all—tobacco, drink, cosmetics, cars, gasoline and a few others—advertising expenditure is relatively substantial, and may persuade the customer to buy this brand rather than that. But there are large and important elements in consumers' expenditure and in the national product where advertising plays little or no part, on education, medicine and housing, for example. A great deal of the product of industry consists of capital equipment and semi-finished goods purchased by professional buyers, who are not influenced by advertising, except for a few informative advertisements in trade and technical journals. And the facts about advertising expenditure are quite contrary to what Professor Galbraith and indeed many others believe. Check for yourself, if you wish, in *Survey of Current Business* and *Historical Statistics of the United States.* Advertising expenditure, expressed as a proportion of Gross National Product, rose to its maximum of 3.6 per cent as long ago as 1910; and since the 1930s has been about stationary in the neighborhood of 2 per cent.

American economists, who are now teaching the world, inherited and improved a good empirical tradition, which they have greatly developed by multitudinous specialist studies. It is, however, an understandable weakness on the part of American

economists that they do not understand or concern themselves with international trade in the same manner as economists from the smaller countries, to whom international trade is literally a matter of life or death. Probably it is only in America that Professor Galbraith's fantastic doctrines of the omni-competence of powerful industrial corporations, freed from all threat of competition, could have arisen. In any other country, however tightly capital or labor may organize to prevent competition, and however willing the government may be to grant them the tariffs or the immigration restrictions which they respectively demand, there is nevertheless a clear limit to the extent to which they can restrict competition, set by the possibilities of competition from abroad. Professor Galbraith does not ignore foreign trade; when he mentions it in his writings he makes it clear that he regards it as a great nuisance, and shows himself a crude old-fashioned protectionist, proscribing imports which inconvenience any American industrialist, trade unionist, or farmer.

Even for the most powerful American industrial corporations however, the days of national isolation now are over. International trade goes on expanding, production becomes ever more highly specialized, foreign competition appears in all sorts of unexpected places. Professor Galbraith's gaze has been too closely directed to a few of the largest and most powerful corporations — or rather to the "image" of themselves which their public relations men have created, not to the realities. He had neglected the great body of middle-sized and smaller businesses, among whom there has never been any doubt that competition, and the desires of the consumers, are the ruling forces in business.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

How To Make Children Unethical

RUSSELL KIRK

IMAGINATIVE literature, rather than the sermon, is the means for teaching the rising generation what it is to be fully human—and to distinguish between good and evil. Urban disorder has waked some educators to this truth; so some textbook companies have begun to publish basic readers that touch upon "human values," or ethical norms.

Open Court, Lippincott, and a few other firms are offering some decent readers nowadays. But the typical story-anthology for children remains dull and ineffectual, even though the motives of editor and publisher may be commendably ethical.

Most of these compilations or especially written manuals are written without inspiration, and hopelessly didactic in the bad sense of that word. They suffer from the worst afflictions of Victorian moralizing for children. (I do not refer here, of course, to great Victorian literature of an ethical cast for children, like the stories of George Macdonald or John Ruskin.) They make virtuous conduct seem positively repugnant; they are square.

Kirk

For the moral imagination, these readers offer almost nothing, except on the most primitive intellectual and literary levels. They consist of stories of Good Approved Boys and Girls—Dick and Jane under other names. Their situations are banal. Also, despite an attempt to present "real-life situations," the background of many of these readers must seem unconvincing (though not pleasantly fantastic) to children. The child-characters in these stories, or almost all, come from comfortable suburbia, and have no real difficulties or worries; they need simply "adjust" to the affluent society. One finds in these stories no real adventure, no challenge, no high aspiration: all is complacent security.

When readers like these are thrust upon young people, what wonder that they turn in exasperation to the exciting trash of the drug-store paperbacks—to Spillane and Fleming or worse? What wonder that, eventually, a large part of the rising generation revolts against intellectual and moral boredom by retreat to Hippieland?

If "values" can be presented only in this dreary fashion, the defiance of values may become a child's act of protest against being stuffed with inedible mental pablum. Back to Aesop!

Recently I offered some advice to the Educational Research Council of America on literary means for rousing the moral imagination of children. There exist some studies of this which are worth consulting. One of the better is Kornei Chukovsky's *From Two to Five,* translated by Miriam Morton (University of California Press). Chukovsky, a Russian man of letters, recognizes the need of the child for symbol and allegory. In general, incidentally, even under the Soviet domination, Russian ethical instruction through literature seems superior to most American attempts; see, for instance, the sections on literature in Arther Trace's *What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't* (Random House).

Another book by Arther Trace is of importance here: *Reading without Dick and Jane* (Regnery). Some of the faults in the typical American literature-textbook (although discussed at the secondary level in schools) are perceptively examined in James J. Lynch's and Bertrand Evans' *High School English Textbooks* (Atlantic-Little Brown).

For recent lively essays on children's tales by men themselves immensely popular with all generations, see J. R. R. Tolkien, *Tree and Leaf* (Houghton Mifflin), and C. S. Lewis, *Of Other Worlds* (Harcourt, Brace). I commend particularly various allegories, fables, and fantasies by Jacquetta Hawkes, Walter de la Mare, Ray Bradbury, and half a dozen others—including Lewis and Tolkien.

Recently my wife gave a series of weekly readings at our public library; her auditors were fourth-grade children. *All* the children in the class were fascinated, and most of them participated actively, with intelligent questions and comments.

WE NEED tales for children that rouse the sense of wonder, awe, and mystery—and through this sense, the higher ethical understanding. We distinctly *don't* need more dry-as-dust stories about little fishing trips and airplane rides. Just as children require new words to make their vocabularies more than infantile, so they need fanciful stories to lift them above the provinciality of their everyday experience.

Myth, fable, allegory, and parable are not falsehoods: on the contrary, they are means for penetrating to the truth by appealing to the moral imagination. In the long run, people are moved more by ethical fantasy than by tractarian polemics.

Probably the most powerful allegory of the past three centuries has been Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* and that influence is not yet spent. Once, traveling through the autonomous Bantu territory of the Transkei, in South Africa, I saw Xhosa children trotting to school with their slates and books; and I asked the Xhosa minister of education what these children studied. Their primary manuals, he replied, were the King James version and *Pilgrim's Progress.* So long as the Bantu children know the Bible and Bunyan's allegory, they may endure much and escape much.

Everyone with promising children ought to read or re-read C. S. Lewis' *The Abolition of Man* (Macmillan), which has to do with the teaching of literature in schools, and what good or ill may come of it. The questions raised by Lewis are faced by Americans urgently just now. In the long run, what a reaction occurs against the folly of literary "socialization" and permissivism! For great fantasy, nourishing the imagination, is more real morally than the pseudo-naturalistic Good Approved Real-Life Anecdotes.

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Subversion of the Rule of Law

THOMAS S. SZASZ

On January 20, 1843, Daniel M'Naghten shot and killed Edward Drummond, private secretary to Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, whom M'Naghten had intended to kill. On March 4, M'Naghten was "acquitted" of the charge of murder. In his final instruction to the jury, Lord Chief Justice Tindal spoke as follows: "I have undoubtedly been very much struck, and so have my learned brethren, by the evidence we have heard during the evening from the medical persons who have been examined as to the state of mind of the unhappy prisoner—for unhappy I must call him in reference to his state of mind. If you think you ought to hear the evidence more fully, in that case I will state it to you, and leave the case in your hands. Probably, however, sufficient has now been laid before you, and you will say whether you want any further information."

The foreman of the jury took the hint and replied: "We require no more, my Lord." Whereupon the Lord Chief Justice added for further emphasis: "If you find the prisoner not guilty, say on the ground of insanity, . . . proper care [sic] will be taken care of him." The jury then pronounced M'Naghten "not guilty, on the ground of insanity."

Lord Chief Justice Tindal, the medical experts, and the jury, so carefully coached, may have saved M'Naghten from the gallows. But they have done so at the cost of inflicting one of the most telling blows upon the liberties of English-speaking peoples. The consequences of that verdict affect the lives of millions of Americans today. Professors Goldstein and Blumberg explore the contemporary implications of this century-old decision: the former, by focusing on the insanity defense; the latter, by examining the erosion of the adversary system of criminal justice.

ABRAHAM S. GOLDSTEIN, Professor of Law at the Yale Law School, presents a well-researched contribution to the scholarly literature on the insanity defense. However, perhaps because he is too intent on providing a balanced analysis, he fails to come to grips with the moral implications of psychiatric rhetoric, and the political implications of psychiatric methods of social control.

This insufficiently critical stance leads him into some muddled thinking. He thus writes that "the explanation for the misunderstanding [of the Durham Rule] lies in the fact that the insanity test is not really intended to raise medical questions." I agree that neither the insanity test nor anything else in psychiatry (exclusive of its concerns with bodily illness) has anything to do with medical questions. But if Professor Goldstein really believes this, then he ought to advocate the removal of psychiatrists, masquerading as medical experts, from the courtroom.

Although Goldstein is generally perceptive about the dilemmas that face law and psychiatry, when the problem he observes is too unpleasant, he *prettifies* it. The result is occasional gross inaccuracy. Illustrative is the statement that "the mental hospitals do not want to receive 'criminal' types, principally because psychiatry is usually unable to treat them." Yet only last year, New York State inaugurated the confinement of (so-called) addicts under the auspices of its State Mental Hygiene Department. Nor is it true that inability to treat has prevented institutional psychiatrists from accepting individuals placed under their care. In many state mental hospitals, a third or more of the patients are elderly individuals, confined because everyone rejects them—and because institutional psychiatrists "receive" them. The custodial care of "retarded" children (and adults), warehoused in state "schools" and "hospitals," also contradicts Goldstein's statement. Indeed, the history of institutional psychiatry is largely a tragic tale of the deliverance of "insane" persons by their "sane" relatives (or, in recent times, "sane" society) into the care of psychiatrists for tortures called treatments.

Professor Goldstein's irresolute stand on the moral issues of this subject leads him to a confused and confusing conclusion. "Eliminating the insanity defense," he asserts, "would remove from the criminal law and the public conscience the vitally important distinction between illness and evil, or would tuck it away in an administrative process." Nonsense. Consider a concrete example. A man runs down another with his automobile. In one case, the driver is a hired killer, and the victim a specifically chosen individual; in another, the driver is an epileptic, and the victim a passer-by. Are we to believe that legislators and jurors cannot adequately distinguish such disparate events without an insanity defense?

ABRAHAM S. BLUMBERG, trained in both law and sociology, is Associate Professor of Sociology and Law at the John Jay College of the City University of New York. His book has a wider range than Goldstein's, is presented in less technical language, and is more critical of both law and psychiatry. Blumberg's central thesis is that "the most damaging myth . . . is that criminal lawyers are engaged in *defending* clients; that ours is an adversary system of criminal justice . . . [and] that probation and psychiatry, as helping professions . . . serve both the defendant and the court organization."

Blumberg does not believe that the psychiatrist in court presents "scientific" evidence. "The brutal fact, which every criminal lawyer learns early in his career, is that psychiatric testimony is for sale. . . . The entire glossary of psychiatry is for pur-

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***The Insanity Defense*, by Abraham S. Goldstein. Yale, $6.00**

***Criminal Justice*, by Abraham S. Blumberg. Quadrangle, $5.75**

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chase." In fearlessly describing the real workings of the criminal law, in its modern, bureaucratized and psychiatrized form, Blumberg tells us certain things many people know but few care to acknowledge. This is necessary for responsible social criticism. "But again and again there comes a time in history," says Camus, "when the man who dares to say that two and two make four is punished with death." Blumberg dares to say that often defense lawyers do not defend their clients, nor forensic psychiatrists protect their "patients." The upshot is an outstanding critical analysis of the subversion of the Rule of Law by the Rule of Psychiatry.

In a way, Goldstein and Blumberg are like climbers inspecting the same valley from opposing mountain tops. Goldstein's perspective is that of the maker and enforcer of rules—that is, of the legislator, judge, and psychiatrist. Blumberg's is that of the person affected by rules—that is, of the individual charged with crime or incriminated by mental illness. Goldstein sees the State as a protector—paternalistic, to be sure, but "helpful." Blumberg sees the individual as a victim—robbed of the opportunity to defend himself against an adversary, the State, which does not have the decency to admit being an opponent.

"In an effort to patch and mend the tearing social fabric," concludes Goldstein, "the State is playing an increasingly paternal role, trying to help as many as possible to realize their expectations and to soothe and heal those who cannot. . . . In such a time, the insanity defense can play a part in reinforcing the sense of obligation or responsibility. Its emphasis on whether an offender is sick or bad helps to keep alive the almost forgotten drama of individual responsibility."

This is not Blumberg's view. "Throughout this book," he writes, "we have been describing two systems or models of criminal justice. One is couched in constitutional-ideological terms of due process and rule of law; it is the one we think we have or ought to have. The other model of criminal justice is the administrative, ministerial, rational-bureaucratic one we have actually institutionalized. . . . While we continue to express our preference and reverence for the constitutional ideology, it is the perfunctory and efficacious system of justice that we implement."

Because M'Naghten was "acquitted," the reader might think that he was discharged by the court. Not so. M'Naghten's "acquittal" was a precursor to that debauchment of language which—as Orwell has taught us, and as totalitarian states have shown us—is characteristic of modern bureaucratic societies. *De jure,* M'Naghten was acquitted; *de facto,* he was sentenced to life imprisonment in an insane asylum. He died in 1865, having been incarcerated for the last 22 years of his life.

Members of the British medical fraternity did not complain, so far as I am aware, against such penal use of ostensibly medical institutions. Indeed, ever since M'Naghten, English and American psychiatrists have been proudly boastful of having been instrumental in saving, by means of the insanity defense, the lives of offenders who might otherwise have been sentenced to death. That they have done so by creating a vast system of penal institutions, disguised as hospitals and administered by physicians, has not received the attention that it deserves. These two books go part of the way toward rectifying this.

To be sure, the public has never really been fooled by the false claims of psychiatry. Despite the propaganda of the American Mental Health movement that "mental illness is like any other illness," the man on the street knows that an offender can plead insanity, but not cancer or heart disease; that a patient can be hospitalized and treated against his will for mental illness, but not for bodily illness; and that mental illness may be, but bodily illness never is, a legal ground for divorce. In short, the "ordinary" American knows that mental illness is *unlike* any other illness.

Of course, popular opinion is not always right; nor always wrong. These books leave little doubt, however, that—despite the proclamation "mental illness is our number one health problem," fervently uttered by Presidents both of the United States and of the American Psychiatric Association—mental illness is not our number one health problem. Indeed, it is not a health problem at all. But it may be our number one moral problem.

The Use of Power

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The title of this book sums up the author's thesis: The United States is abusing its military power by "using too much of it too often and too maladroitly." He detects what he calls "a pattern of intervention" by military force to correct political mistakes or misconceptions. Three recent examples: the Bay of Pigs, the Dominican Republic, and Vietnam are brought forward as illustrations. He covers the first two in one brief introductory chapter, setting the stage for devoting the remainder of the book to his critique of our policies and actions in Vietnam.

The association of these three examples in an attempt to prove the existence of a *pattern* of armed intervention—of "the supercession of political by military instrumentalities in the conduct of American foreign policy"—appears to this reviewer to be grotesquely overstrained. The Bay of Pigs affair was a wretched failure largely because American armed power, though its support had been promised, was in fact withheld at the crucial moment. Our intervention in Santo Domingo, from the military viewpoint, was a bright contrast of timely and effective use of a small military force in support of a limited political aim. The war in Vietnam is an enterprise of another order of magnitude altogether, and one in which it is extremely difficult to separate political from military considerations for selective analysis.

The author illustrates his own inadequacy for this complicated task by a long recital of how Secretary

***Abuse of Power,* by Theodore Draper. Viking, $4.95**

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of State Rusk and other American officials made various public statements about the presence in South Vietnam (in 1965) of elements of the 325th North Vietnamese Division, the implication being that the intrusion of this division into South Vietnam was the motive for the American troop buildup in South Vietnam during that year. "The Mansfield report," Mr. Draper observes, "came much closer by putting the emphasis where it belongs: on South Vietnamese weakness rather than North Vietnamese strength." Mr. Draper apparently does not know that as a factor in military decision, *strength is always viewed relatively.* But he implies that all the talk about the 325th Division was meant as a *justification* for the American military moves; in fact these moves were the only possible countermeasures which could have prevented the outright conquest of South Vietnam by Hanoi in 1965-66.

The implication of this whole segment of his book is that only the confirmed presence of North Vietnamese regulars in the South could have been a proper justification for sending in American troops: that is, we should have waited for the enemy to make the first move—he being next door and we being 8,000 miles away. In fact, the existence of the enemy plan for overrunning the South in the fall of 1965 was evident to Westmoreland in late 1964 as the preparations in the North became apparent to our intelligence; military access from the sea to South Vietnam was limited by lack of ports and airfields; appropriate action to remedy this lack, though begun in January 1965, could not produce tangible results for the next eighteen months; and the arrival of American troops in significant numbers could not be expected before the late summer of 1965—with their logistic support continuing for some time afterward to be precarious.

South Vietnamese weakness was indeed the reason we had to move fast; North Vietnamese strength plus our logistic handicaps were the reasons we had to move with maximum strategic surprise (ever the initial advantage of amphibious attack), plus the tactical surprise of air-mobility on which Westmoreland admittedly gambled. His gamble was a brilliant success; it saved South Vietnamese independence; but 1965 was hardly the year during which precise details of what was in the works should have been broadcast by American officials.

Mr. Draper may have a point when he questions whether the United States "has the traditions, the ideology and the bureaucracy to carry off such operations in Asia with the necessary finesse and dispatch"; however brilliant our field commander, his civilian superiors in Washington have not shown much understanding, for one thing, of the supreme importance of time as a prime ingredient of strategy. Present shortcomings may, however, be corrected in the light of our Vietnam experience — which will certainly be extensively reviewed and may, just possibly, be constructively applied. Mr. Draper remarks, with scarcely disguised satisfaction: "Those who fear the encroachments of 'American imperialism' might take some comfort in the thought that it has come too late into the world to develop the men and the methods for doing a good job of it." It is a thought in which this reviewer finds little comfort indeed.

Men and Ideas

More of Wittgenstein

GUY DAVENPORT

LIKE THE GENTLE Anton Bruckner, who counted leaves on trees to while away a Sunday afternoon, Ludwig Wittgenstein in odd moments calculated the height of trees by pacing off from the trunk the base of a right triangle, wheeling around and sighting along his walking stick (up the hypotenuse) to the tree's top, invoking then the majestic theorem of Pythagoras. Together with inventing a sewing machine (in his teens), designing a house in Vienna (still standing) that elicited the admiration of Frank Lloyd Wright, and following assiduously the films of the Misses Betty Hutton and Carmen Miranda, this is one of the few acts of the philosopher that was at all transparent.

No mystery, however, surrounds either his life or his thought. If he was not the greatest philosopher of our age, he was the most significant. He founded (inadvertently) and disowned (with glaring, insulted eyes) two major philosophies. He was "get-

Zettel, by Ludwig Wittgenstein, translated by G. E. M. Anscombe. University of California Press, $6.95

***Lectures and Conversations on Aesthetics, Psychology, and Religious Belief*, by Ludwig Wittgenstein, edited by Cyril Barrett. University of California Press, $1.50**

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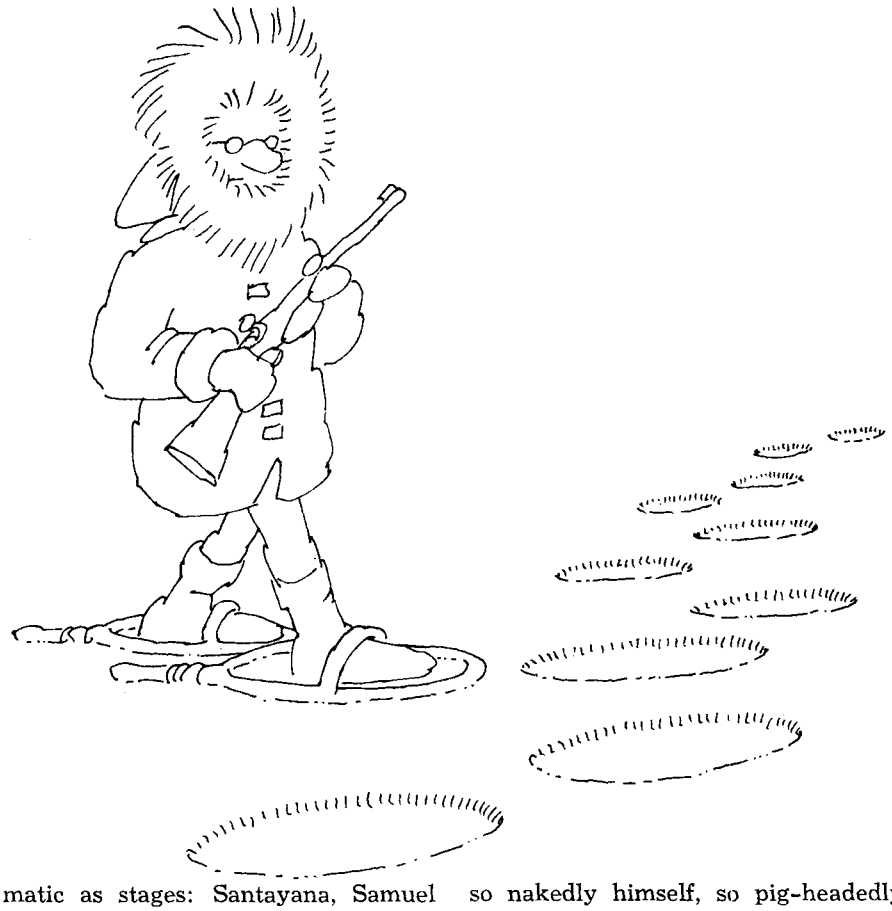
ting at something" when he died, just what we shall never know. At the end of his first book, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (completed in a concentration camp during the First World War) he wrote: "My propositions serve as elucidations in the following way: anyone who understands me eventually recognizes them as nonsensical, when he has used them as steps to climb up beyond them." At the beginning of his other book, the *Philosophical Investigation,* he wrote: "It is not impossible that it should fall to the lot of this work, in its poverty and in the darkness of this time, to bring light into one brain or another—but, of course, it is not likely."

Once, when a student posed a question during one of his classes at Cambridge, Wittgenstein said, "I might as well be lecturing to the stove." And now a box of slips of paper—*Zettel*—has been found among Wittgenstein's effects. On each slip is written a thought. The order of the slips, if any, is of course unascertainable. To come to some understanding of them is not, as Sir Thomas Browne would cheer us on, beyond all conjecture, but we must go about it with the ghost of Wittgenstein whispering, "But of course, it is not likely."



WITTGENSTEIN, BEFORE he came to philosophy, was a mathematician, a musician, an architect, a sculptor, a mechanical engineer, a grade-school teacher, a soldier, and an aviator. He could have followed any of these careers doubtless with brilliant success; just before he came to Cambridge (they gave him a doctorate at the door) he was strongly inclined to "be an aeronaut." Every account of his strange life indicates that he *tried* to teach. He did not dine with the faculty, as the faculty in its grandeur always dines in academic gowns, black shoes, and necktie. Wittgenstein was forever tieless and wore a suede jacket that opened and closed with that marvelous invention the zipper; and his shoes were brown. He held his lectures in his rooms, in the continental manner. As there was no furniture except an army cot, a folding chair, a safe (for the *Zettel*), and a card table, the students brought their own chairs.

Philosophy classrooms in our century have frequently been as dramatic as stages: Santayana, Samuel Alexander, Bergson—men of passionate articulateness whose lectures fell on their students like wind and rain. But Wittgenstein, huddled in silence on his chair, stammered quietly from time to time. He was committed to absolute analysis. He had nothing up his sleeve; he had nothing to teach. The world was to him an absolute puzzle, a great lump of opaque pig iron. Can we think about the lump? What is thought? What is the meaning of *can*, of *can we*, of *can we think*? What is the meaning of *we*? What does it mean to ask what is the meaning of *we*? If we answer these questions on Monday, are the answers valid on Tuesday? If I answer them at all, do I think the answer, believe the answer, know the answer, or imagine the answer?

IT WAS APPARENTLY not of the least interest to Wittgenstein that Plato had answered certain questions that philosophers need to ask, or that Kant or Mencius had answered them. He sometimes liked other philosophers' questions; he seems never to have paid any attention to their answers. Truth was stubborn; Wittgenstein was stubborn; and neither faced the other down. We have to look back to the stoic Musonius to find another man so nakedly himself, so pig-headedly single-minded. He actually taught for very little of his life. He was forever going off into the Norwegian forests, to Russia, to the west of Ireland where —and this is all we know of these solitudes—he taught the Connemara birds to come and sit in his hands.

He mastered no convention other than speech, wearing clothes, and—grudgingly and with complaint—the symbols of mathematics. The daily chores of our civilization were wonders to him, and when he participated in them they became as strange as housekeeping among the Bantu. He liked washing dishes after a meal. He put the dishes and silverware in the bathtub, studied carefully the detergent, the temperature of the water, and spent hours at his task, and hours more in the rinsing and drying. If he was a guest for several days, all the meals had to be identical with the first, whether breakfast, lunch, or dinner. What he ate was of no matter, just so it was always the same.

He listened carefully to human speech, and took it to pieces before one's eyes. Language, he decided, was a game men had learned to play, and he was always, like an anthropologist from Mars, trying to find out the rules. When he lay dying of cancer at his doctor's house, the doctor's

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kind wife remembered his birthday and baked him a cake. Moreover, she wrote on it with icing, "Many Happy Returns." When Wittgenstein asked her if she had examined the implications of that sentiment, she burst into tears and dropped the cake. "You see," Wittgenstein said to the doctor when he arrived on the scene, "I have neither the cake nor an answer to my question." Some days before, the doctor's wife, patient martyr in the history of philosophy, had shown Wittgenstein her new coat that she was to wear to a party that very evening. Silently he fetched the scissors, silently he snipped the buttons from the coat, silently he replaced the scissors. The sainted wife remarked that, yes indeed, come to think of it, the coat did look better without its buttons, but only when the seals are opened at Doom will the philosopher's skill with the scissors declare its meaning.

EXCEPT FOR THE mathematician David Pinsent, to whom the *Tractatus* is dedicated and who was killed in the First World War, he was luckless in friends; he seems to have noticed women in order to know where to flee. The idea of a female philosopher made him close his eyes in despair. Insanity and suicide ran in his family. He pleaded with his students to take menial jobs (as he did from time to time, as a country school teacher and mechanic). Life was perhaps a strange disease which one suffered with heroism; thought was certainly a disease which philosophy, perhaps, could cure. Like Henry Adams he felt that a healthy intellect would be unaware of itself, and would get on with life's business, making beautiful machines, music, and poetry, without reflection. Whatever the truth of the world, it was simple in the sense that one can say, for instance, that death is not a part of life (one of the perceptions in the *Tractatus*) and that the world is independent of my will (another); and it was complex in the sense that all that happens is the result of many causes not all of which can ever be known.

It is only Wittgenstein's writing in the middle of his career that gives one fits—the part that gave birth (to his regret) to linguistic analysis, philosophy's darkest night. The early work—the *Tractatus*—is lucid and powerful. The newly discovered *Zettel* can only be compared to the fragments of Heraclitus. Indeed, Wittgenstein admired all his life the epigrams of the acid-tongued Lichtenberg, and felt that thought was basically perception. What the philosopher says about the world is not too different from the proverb, the old saw, the infinitely repeatable line of poetry.

It is clear that the *Zettel* are a return to the manner of the *Tractatus*, back to the archaic period of philosophy, back before the talkative charm of Socrates. The philosopher, as Wyndham Lewis said of the artist, goes back to the fish. Physics in Wittgenstein's lifetime was going back to Heraclitus (a clue to cracking the atom bomb was found in Lucretius by Niels Bohr); so was art; so was architecture. What could be more nakedly Pythagorean than the geodesic structures of Buckminster Fuller, what more household caveman than the paintings of Paul Klee? One definition of *modern* is a renaissance of the archaic (as *the* Renaissance was a reaching back to Hellenism, to Rome, to a ripened civilization rather than to the green springtime of the same civilization).

"The limits of my language are the limits of my world." "The most beautiful order of the world is still a random gathering of things insignificant

Random Notes

● NEW NOVELS: Vladimir Nabokov's *King, Queen and Knave,* a cheerful thing written in Russian forty years ago, is now Englished by Dmitri N. (McGraw-Hill, June). . . . *Tunc,* by Lawrence Durrell, is another feast of memory, this time set against a vast and rather nasty International Cartel (Dutton, March, $5.95). . . . In *Couples,* John Updike's latest, the sexual revolution comes to Tarbox, Mass. (Knopf, April, $6.95). . . . SF: Nine stories from the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* are gathered in *Once and Future Tales* (Harris-Wolf, April, $5.95); *Welcome to the Monkey House* is a collection of Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s short stories; at least one, the title story, written with Harlan Ellison (Delacorte, August, $5.95). . . . Two Armageddon-type things, both from England: In *Pendulum,* John Christopher has the country ruled first by thrill-crazed teen-agers, then by their vengeful elders (Simon & Schuster, March, $4.95); William Fennerton's *The Lucifer Cell* is about the resistance movement in an England ruled by Red China (Atheneum, $5.75).

● NONFICTION: Richard Kostelanetz has edited *Beyond Left and Right: Radical Thought for Our Times,* with essays on the real issues by Buckminster Fuller, Doxiadis, McLuhan (Morrow, June, $6.50). . . . The *New York Times'* Drew Middleton upholds *America's Stake in Asia* (Lippincott, May, $5). . . . John Kobler had full access to Time Inc. files for *Luce: His Time, Life and Fortune* (Doubleday, March, $4.95). . . . J. I. M. Stewart, the Don who writes thrillers under the name Michael Innes, has done a major critical biography, *Joseph Conrad* (Dodd, Mead, March, $6). . . . Crime-in-our-streets gets the working policeman's view in *Walking the Beat,* by Gene Radano (World, April, $4.95).

● REJOICE: If it has nothing else to offer, Grove Press has those two riveting adult comic strips. Now *Barbarella,* the brainchild of Jean-Claude Forest, has her own book (March, $1.50); as does the delectable Miss Z with *The Adventures of Phoebe Zeit-Geist* ($5.95). Not for *Mary Worth* fans, Arf!

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in themselves." Which is Heraclitus, which Wittgenstein? "The philosopher," says one of the *Zettel,* "is not a citizen of any community of ideas. That is what makes him into a philosopher." And: "What about the sentence—*Wie ist es mit dem Satz*—'One cannot step into the same river twice'?" That Heraclitic perception has always been admired for its hidden second meaning. *One* cannot step . . . ; it is not only the flux of the river that makes the statement true. But is it true? No, Wittgenstein would smile (or glare), but it is wise and interesting. It can be examined. It is harmonious and poetic.

THE MORE WE READ Wittgenstein the more we feel that he is *before* Heraclitus, that he deliberately began an infinite recession (in order, of course, to go forward when he found a footing). He bowed out of the tradition whereby philosophers digest all other philosophers, refuting and enriching, forming allegiances and enmities, and emitting their version of what they have learned from a conquered vantage which must be defended night and day. Wittgenstein declined to inspect the history of philosophy. It is questionable if when he died he had ever come to any understanding of the number 2. Two what? Two things would have to be identical, which is absurd if identity has any meaning. One of the *Zettel* wonders what the phrase "friendly hand" could mean. Another, if the absence of feeling is a feeling. Another, if his stove has an imagination and what it means to assume that the stove does not have an imagination.

WITTGENSTEIN did not argue; he merely thought himself into subtler and deeper problems. The record which three of his students have made of his lectures and conversations at Cambridge discloses a man tragically honest and wonderfully, astoundingly absurd. In every memoir of him we meet a man we are hungry to know more about, for even if his every sentence remains opaque to us, it is clear that the archaic transparency of his thought is like nothing that philosophy has seen for thousands of years. It is also clear that he was trying to be wise and to make others wise. He lived in the world, and for the world. He came to believe that a normal, honest human being could not be a professor.

It is the academy that gave him his reputation of impenetrable abstruseness; never has a man deserved a reputation less. Disciples who came to him expecting to find a man of incredibly deep learning, found a man who saw mankind held together by suffering alone, and he invariably advised them to be as kind as possible to others. He read, like all inquisitive men, to multiply his experience. He read Tolstoy (always getting bogged down) and the Gospels and bales of detective stories. He shook his head over Freud. When he died he was reading *Black Beauty.* His last words were, "Tell them I've had a wonderful life."

Movies

Vintage Hardy

FRANCIS RUSSELL

CINERAMA is for me mostly a physiological problem. After vicariously riding the roller coaster downhill or dashing across the winter steppes in a troika, I notice my stomach beginning to turn over. And the scent of popcorn doesn't help any. Whenever I face the *longueurs* of the concave screen I find it advisable to carry a plastic flight bag with me. For me Cinerama has come to seem a gadget, a sort of visualized Lowell Thomas engaged in warming up platitudes of scenery. So I did not expect much when, flight bag in my pocket, I infiltrated Boston's combat zone on lower Washington Street to see the Cinerama version of *Far From the Madding Crowd.*

I must admit I needed that flight

bag, and after three hours in the balcony I had to go home and go to bed. If I'd been down in the orchestra I'd not have lasted the three hours. But for once my mind and my stomach were in conflict. In spite of stomach tremors I found the film a tasteful, accurate and engrossing recreation of the book. It is hereby recommended for adult audiences (if there are such things) by that cinematophobe F. Russell, who further recommends postponing a visit until it appears on the flat eupeptic screen of Your Naborhood Theater.

The film is melodramatic, at times improbable, with coincidence lurking like a delinquent in the shrubbery—but that was just the way Hardy wrote it, and in many episodes Frederick Raphael, who wrote the screen play, and the director, John Schlesinger, have improved on the original. In any case, of those who see the picture I don't suppose one in a thousand has read the book.

Far From the Madding Crowd was the first of Hardy's Wessex novels. Written serially for a popular magazine, it had to have one central melodramatic event on which to hang each monthly installment. The story is clearer than its motivations (which may not have been wholly clear even in the young Hardy's mind). Bathsheba Everdene, a farm girl who speaks standard English and is otherwise a little too good for the station to which God had seen fit to call her, rejects the attentions of the sturdy yeoman shepherd Gabriel Oak. Next, inheriting her uncle's large farm, she becomes mistress of a considerable property. Her neighbor, the gentleman farmer William Boldwood, courts her—also in vain. But then she is captivated by a dashing cavalry sergeant and marries him, even though his heart remains with the country girl, Fanny Robin, whom he has seduced. Fanny dies in childbirth, Sergeant Troy flees his wife, then months afterward returns to claim her at Boldwood's Christmas party. In rage and frustration Boldwood shoots him. So Bathsheba is freed of two of her men—one dead and one

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in jail—and, after a decent interval, marries a third, Gabriel Oak, who by a Hardyesque coincidence had come to work for her, first as her shepherd, then as her estate manager.

So much for the complications of the Victorian plot, done on the monthly installment. What has preserved Hardy's serial above the hundreds of others that appeared in similar circulating-library monthlies is the fact that he wrote better books afterward and that he was a poet. For among the pages of stilted implausible dialogue, are the austere passages of description that managed to capture the haunting magic of the Dorset landscape. Schlesinger has captured it more ephemerally with a camera, but capture it he has. Locked in my Boston suburb I had forgotten how much I loved that archaic Dorset countryside until the film recalled it to me—my own days near Bovington camp, my own visits to the market town Dorchester after which homesick Englishmen had named the American Dorchester of my childhood.

In the film the melodrama is toned down to a more modern degree of credibility, but Hardy's episodes are all there—Oak's flock driven over the cliff, to his ruin as an independent farmer; Sergeant Troy and Fanny at the wrong church for their wedding; Oak fighting the fire in the rick; Bathsheba opening Fanny's coffin; Boldwood shooting down the sergeant.

Terence Stamp as Sergeant Troy seems at first less a dasher than a bounder, but in his carnival disguise as Dick Turpin he takes full honors. Schlesinger, in expanding Hardy's sheep fair and the traveling circus, has created a really delightful fun interlude that—beyond the nostalgic landscape—was for me the high point of the picture. Hardy's Shakespeare-inherited rustics are there too, with a fullness that does them and the land justice. And the Georgian interiors overlaid with Victoriana are charmingly accurate. For once—and it's not often done—a film has captured the spirit of a book.

Alan Bates is a very plausible Gabriel Oak, in the tough role of a rustic who at the same time cannot be too rustic, while Peter Finch as Boldwood is a very gent farmer indeed. The real trouble is with Julie Christie. Charm she has, all right, but she also has "county" written all

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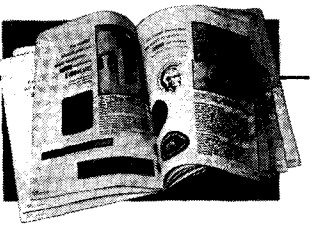

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

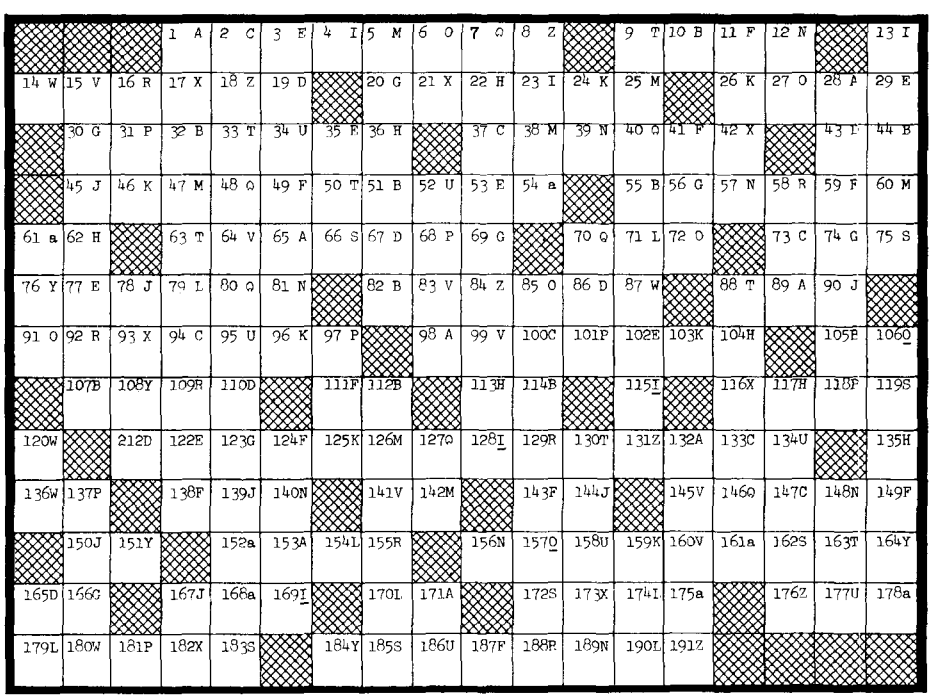
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A person who refuses to take a required oath	1 153 132 98 28 65 171 89
B. Offensive action in general	10 32 51 55 114 82 107 105 112 44
C. The principal Indonesian language of the Philippines	37 133 94 2 73 147 100
D. Christian X was this country's king	43 121 19 86 67 165 110
E. A province of Canada	53 35 3 77 29 102 122
F. A policy that many nations adopted after we abandoned it	59 149 187 111 11 143 41 49 124 138
G. The capital of a Central American nation	69 74 123 30 20 166 56
H. What Antony said there was "in the love that can be reckon'd"	113 22 36 104 135 117 62
I. A prominent professional football player	128 23 4 169 115 13
J. A town in Southeast Alaska	144 78 139 167 45 150 90
K. Any son of the king of Spain who was not heir to the throne	159 96 26 46 103 125 24
L. The edible kernel of a nut	190 71 170 154 79 174 179

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Certain newspaper employees	142 25 126 60 5 38 47
N. A section or portion of the heavens	81 12 140 148 57 39 156 189
O. A temporary stay	106 157 91 27 85 72 6
P. A kind of soup	118 97 101 137 181 31 68
Q. The holy Roman emperor, 840-855	146 70 127 48 7 40 80
R. Unscramble I VOTE 'EM	155 188 92 129 109 16 58
S. An American Indian tribe	183 66 185 162 172 119 75
T. Paying other people's help	88 130 63 9 163 50 33
U. Unlicensed	95 134 158 34 186 177 52
V. Dutch composer and conductor, 1430-1505	99 141 15 64 145 83 160
W. Famous	136 180 120 14 87
X. Greedy or filthy	21 182 93 116 17 42 173
Y. The only president who later served in the House of Representatives	108 184 164 76 151
Z. The Fate who spins the thread of life	18 8 84 191 176 131
a. Beats the draft	168 54 61 161 152 175 178

See page 256 for **solution of last Trans-O-Gram.**

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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ver her elegant self. Any young lady ith a bearing like that might just ossibly have married a Mr. Boldood if no eligible young subalterns om the local garrison were about. ut she would never have seen a rgeant, much less married one— say nothing of a shepherd. Neverheless I forgive her her class incredility, having always had a rustic's lmiration for county myself.

For landscape, for melodrama that close to drama, for the often movg recreation of the Victorian past Hardy's Wessex, the film version *Far From the Madding Crowd* a memorable translation of the iginal. Only, for those who see it Cinerama and like myself are ersensitive to motion, I recommend at sovereign Victorian specific, othersill's Seasick Pills.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

INCREDIBLE VICTORY, by Walter Lord (Harper, $5.95). The Battle of Midway, turning point in the sea war with Japan, gets the traditional Lord treatment: we whoosh from tight closeups (who wore what color pajamas on the eve of battle, what Ensign Soandso thought when he saw his bomb hit) to wide pan shots of the whole Pacific theater. Such an approach requires Herculean research: not content to rummage in archives, the author trotted hither and yon to interview the men who were there—over 400 of them, American and Japanese. The treatment works, as usual, thanks to Lord's skill at keeping track of dozens of simultaneous goings-on. Out of the confusion of battle, he has wrought an engrossing minute-by-minute account of the defense of that three-square-mile speck of sand and coral, Midway. C. H. SIMONDS

THE JEWISH STAKE IN VIETNAM, by Meir Kahane, Joseph Churba and Michael King (Crossroads Publishing, $3.95). The authors call on their fellow Jews in America to ponder the problem of freedom, pointing out that if it is diminished in Vietnam it will affect the liberties of all of us everywhere. A special target of Communist totalitarianism, they contend, are the Jews in general, and the state of Israel in particular. Ample quotations from leaders of the Liberation Fronts from Vietnam *and* Palestine show the affinity for total terror that unites them in their hatred of Israel. Sixteen pages of photographs, illustrating the kind of horror committed on South Vietnamese and American captives by the Vietcong do, indeed, remind one of Auschwitz. These gruesome portraits of torture and terror are balanced with cartoons from the Soviet press showing the Jews as beak-nosed monsters, typical of the graffiti which are the stock-in-trade of the gutter antisemite the world over. The book is highly recommended to all those who fail to make the connection between the attacks on freedom in the Far East and those which imperil the rights of sovereignty and nationhood in the Middle East. They emanate from the same ruthless sources. M. GELTMAN

THE BROKEN SEAL, by Ladislas Farago (Random House, $6.95). The author was in the Office of Naval Intelligence. He knows things he can't mention. Using only generally available records, he brings to light a great mass of new material on the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. His work is important because it tends to confirm the average observer's suspicion that the Roosevelt Administration was indeed surprised at Pearl because it expected a Japanese attack, indeed invited it, farther west in the Pacific. It is important for present-day policy to come to grips with the historical problem of Pearl Harbor, because a school of "historical revisionists" has popped up which claims that the Roosevelt Administration knowingly invited the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor itself, and that all subsequent Administrations have perpetuated a worldwide conspiracy of perpetual war in order to have an excuse for perpetual *dirigisme* and ultimately complete socialism. That horrible vision starts with the conspiratorial interpretation of the great mess at Pearl Harbor. The conspiratorial interpretation is, in Farago's latest book, shaken to its foundation. The book is beautifully annotated and indexed.

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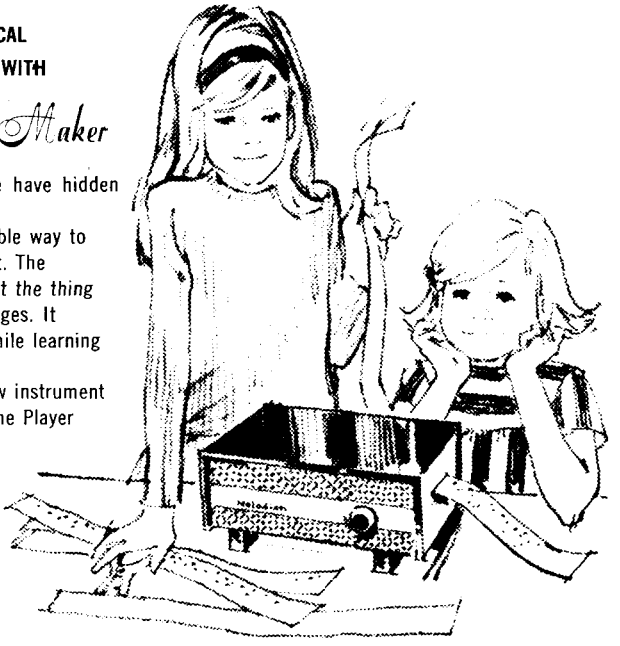

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(Continued from p. 233)

alleged, because of private financial sources? (*Hon Members:* Shame!) ırely euthanasia should be available all in a truly national health ser- ːe. Clause Three proposes there- re that all persons over 65 whom e consultant deems unlikely ever recover sufficiently to leave hos- ːal should be eligible for termina- ːn with their own written consent d that of the consultant. Where the tient is too ill to make such a de- ːion, the patient's relatives may sign his or her behalf. No longer should r hospitals be cluttered with old ople whose lives are a burden to ːmselves and to others. The opera- ːn of Clause Three will greatly re- ce long-term bed occupancy, thus ːre than offsetting any increases ıder Clause One and Two.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

An Hour With George Wallace

PART ONE

ON THE Right

Rougemont, Feb. 24—A month or so before George Wallace confirmed that he would run for President on a third party ticket, the right-wing weekly journal *Human Events* published the results of a poll of what it described as "two hundred prominent conservatives." The poll unearthed a "surprising hostility towards George Wallace." Why?—I asked him a few weeks ago.

GW: Well, Mr. Buckley said that two-hundred prominent conservatives—that's typical of those who write in magazines—who are these prominent conservatives?

MODERATOR: Mr. Buckley, did the magazine list the conservatives?

B: No, it didn't. But suppose Governor Wallace names one prominent conservative outside the South who's in favor of him?

GW: Well, 283 signed a petition for me. Those were steel workers—

B: No, no, no, no, no. Just a moment. A prominent conservative in the sense of someone who is nationally known as a conservative.

GW: Mr. Buckley, I run my politics like I do in Alabama. I never went to the County Court Houses to see the county governing bodies. I just went to the people. I go out to the masses of the people with the message that I have, and I don't know any prominent conservatives.

(I tried to suggest that the reason why prominent conservatives do not endorse George Wallace is because they do not believe that his activities are in the conservative tradition, for instance his membership in the national Democratic Party, his backing of John Kennedy in 1956, and in 1960. Sophisticated conservatives believe that Wallace's passion for states rights derives from the knowledge that that is the only way to administer a segregated state. Mr. Wallace replied that an enormous number of Negroes voted for his wife, Governor Lurleen Wallace, at the last election, that he is no longer a member of the official Democratic establishment, that he broke with John Kennedy, after his election, and did not vote for Johnson in 1964. And anyway, what could a conservative find to criticize in his program for Alabama?)

GW: Name one thing in Alabama that I have supported on the governmental level that you are against.

B: You want [the state] to take care of hospitalization, you want to take care of old people, you want to take care of the poor. . . .

GW: Are you against caring for the poor and the old?

(I thought perhaps that Mr. Wallace would abandon the technique if I ridiculed it, so I answered mock-solemnly, "I hate the poor." It didn't work. . . .)

GW: I am for looking after destitute elderly people. I'm not against that at all. So if conservatism is against looking after the elderly who are destitute, I might say that no conservative in this country, who comes out against looking after destitute elderly people, ought to be elected to anything.

MODERATOR: Let's get it definitely from Governor Wallace, whether he is a conservative, or pretends to be a conservative.

B: He calls himself a populist.

GW: If you mean [by] a populist a man of the people, yes, I'm a populist, if that's what you mean by it. . . . Let's get back to the old-age pensions. Let's see, you're against Alabama looking after the elderly, destitute citizens of the state?

(I had observed that Mr. Wallace, like most liberals, favors federal welfare programs—but then resents Washington's interference. He replied that Alabama was only getting back in welfare what Alabama put out in federal taxes. Partly true, I agreed, but in fact Alabama got more back from the government than Alabama gave to the government, by a long sight. He is extremely defensive on this point.)

GW: Where are your figures? . . . You've made a charge against Alabama, give us the figures. . . .

B: My guess is that you take in at least five times as much from the Federal Government as you send out in taxes.

GW: . . . That's totally untrue.

B: I happen to know the figures for Mississippi exactly, ten to one: that's why I sort of cut that in half.

GW: It's not ten to one in Mississi in the first place. I'll say that th wrong. . . .

(Today Mississippi puts up 45 ce for every dollar she brings in from Federal Government. Alabama puts 51 cents. Still, it is a good econor bargain.)

So it went. Mr. Wallace seemed to arguing that state welfarism is altoget desirable, provided the relevant admin trative unit is the state, not the Fede Government. He seemed to be say that something suddenly happened ha way through John Kennedy's reign t justified his sudden disillusion with national Democratic Party. But t whatever it was that happened, it h nothing to do with the race questio

PART TWO

Rougemont, Feb. 26—I have seen that Geo Wallace stoutly insists t he is not to be thought of as a ra candidate, even though he has never e plained satisfactorily why he was enthusiastic national Democrat, in t tradition of Roosevelt, Kennedy, a Johnson, up until the moment when Federal Government began to interf with the will of Alabama on the mat of segregation. It is not as though, wh Governor Wallace stood at the thres hold of the University of Alabama a defied the federal marshal to carry the court order integrating the unive sity, he there and then repented of former activities, perceiving the imp cations of state welfarism. He appears be perfectly satisfied for Washington collect taxes and remit the proceeds the states—provided there are no acco panying instructions on how that mon is to be used. He is quite prepared accept, for Alabama, twice as much Alabama contributes to the fede treasury. What he is not prepared to is acquiesce in Washington's instructio on how Alabama should run its sch system, or indeed anything else t Alabama runs, that bears on the que tion of race segregation.

What will prove especially interesti about George Wallace in the months come is less his views (he has adopt

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: full paraphernalia of the conserva-
e, even though he is a welfarist-
ɔulist, catalyzed by his passion for
ial segregation) than his techniques.
re, as I discovered a few weeks ago,
: a few of them.

. EXAGGERATING THE SOUTH'S PLIGHT.

GW: ". . . We had five generations
people who didn't go to school be-
ıse there were no schools for black
white. All they could do is eke
ıething out of the ground to eat. . . ."
ıere were public schools in Alabama,
l for that matter private schools,
ing the five generations in question.)

. So's YOUR OLD MAN.

Buckley: . . . certain politicians grew
in the South and lusted for partici-
ion in a type of government which is
tinctively anti-conservative, the type
government of which Mr. Roosevelt
l Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Johnson are
presentative]. Then all of a sudden,
ıething happened. The consequences
that federalization also meant that
y couldn't continue in their segre-
ed ways, and that's when Governor
llace was born. . . .

GW: Of course, I was not even voting
the days that you're talking about.
lidn't even vote in those elections,
: when you say that, because the peo-
of the South voted for Mr. Roosevelt
ıt made them anti-conservative, well,
w York voted for Mr. Roosevelt all
ır times. ***

GW: It doesn't make any difference
me whether some prominent conser-
ive is not for me. Seventy per cent
the people last night on a poll on the
evision station in St. Louis said they
uld support me. The fact [is] that I
n the television poll on WIIC in
tsburgh the other day and defeated
ınson, Kennedy, and Reagan by al-
st three to one.

B: And they might have given more
tes to Péron than they did to you,
ht?

GW: That's a real smart answer.

B: We know that he got many more
tes [in Argentina] than you got in
abama.

GW: I got more in Alabama than you
t in New York.

B. NOBODY-EVER-LETS-ME-TALK

GW: Why don't you let me talk on
s program? After all . . . I thought
u invited me to get my opinion. . . .
ally, I thought I was supposed to—
u wanted my opinion. But when you
t on this show, the man that puts on
e show wants to do all the talking.
t that point in the program, the
ɔderator had spoken 178 words, I had
ɔken 269, and Wallace 845.)

A. THERE - AIN'T - NOBODY - LOVES -
E - NIGRA - LIKE - ME - AN' - LUREEN

GW: In fact, we don't have segrega-
n in Alabama. . . . I've always made
speeches in my state in which I said anybody's entitled to vote regardless of their race or color . . . and we had Negro citizens by the thousands who voted in 1958, when I first ran for governor, and I might say, in the run-off for governor, that they voted for me.

B: Is that because they didn't have the education you're talking about?

GW: You reflect on the Negro voters of Alabama if you want to, but I won't. □

THE BEATLES & THE GURU

London, Feb. 28—The doings of the Beatles are minutely recorded here in England and, as a matter of fact, elsewhere, inasmuch as it is true what one of the Beatle-gentlemen said a year or so ago, that they are more popular than Jesus Christ. It is a matter of considerable public interest that all four of the Beatles have gone off to a place called Rishikesh, in India, to commune with one Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Buckley

The gentleman comes from India, and the reigning chic stipulates that Mysterious India is where one goes to Have a Spiritual Experience. Accordingly, the Beatles are there, as also Mia Farrow, who, having left Frank Sinatra, is understandably in need of spiritual therapy; and assorted other types. It isn't altogether clear what is the drill at Rishikesh, except that—and this visibly disturbed a couple of business managers of the Beatles—a postulant at the shrine of Mr. Yogi is expected to contribute a week's salary as an initiation fee. A week's salary may not be very much for thee and me, but it is a whole lot of sterling for a Beatle, and one gathers from the press that the business managers thought this a bit much, and rather wish that the Beatles could find their spiritual experience a little less dearly.

The wisdom of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is not rendered in easily communicable tender. It is recorded by one disciple that he aroused himself from a trance sufficiently to divulge the sunburst, "Ours is an age of science, not faith," a seizure of spiritual exertion which apparently left him speechless with exhaustion, I mean, wouldn't you be exhausted if you came up with that? It is reported that the Beatles were especially transfigured when the Maharishi divulged, solemnly, that "speech is just the progression of thought." One can assume that the apogee of their experience was reached upon learning, from the guru's own mouth, that "anything that comes from direct experience can be called science."

I am not broke, but I think that if I were, I would repair to India, haul up a guru's flag and—I guarantee it—I would be the most successful guru of modern times. I would take the Beatles' weekly salary, and Mia Farrow's, and the lot of them, and I would come up with things like: "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as * * * forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be thankful."

CAN IT BE IMAGINED that I would be less successful, quoting these lines, from a single letter of St. Paul, than Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has been? The truly extraordinary feature of our time isn't the faithlessness of the Western people, it is their utter, total ignorance of the Christian religion. They travel to Rishikesh to listen to pallid seventh-hand imitations of thoughts and words they never knew existed. They will go anywhere to experience spirituality—except next door. An Englishman need go no further than to hear Evensong at King's College at Oxford, or to hear high Mass at Chartres Cathedral; or to read St. Paul, or John, or the psalmists. Read a volume by Chesterton—*The Everlasting Man*; *Orthodoxy*; *The Dumb Ox*; and the spiritual juices begin to run, but no, Christianity is, well, well what? Well, unknown. The Beatles know more about carburetors than they know about Christianity, which is why they, like so many others, make such asses of themselves in pursuit of Mr. Gaga Yogi. Their impulse is correct, and they reaffirm, as man always has, and always will, the truism that man is a religious animal. If only they knew what is waiting there, available to them, right there in Jollie Olde Englande, no costlier than 2/6d at the local bookstore. It is too easy nowadays to found new religions, though the vogue is constant. Voltaire was once abashed at the inordinate iconoclasm of one of his young disciples who asked the Master how might he go about founding a new religion. "Well," Voltaire said, "begin by getting yourself killed. Then rise again on the third day." □

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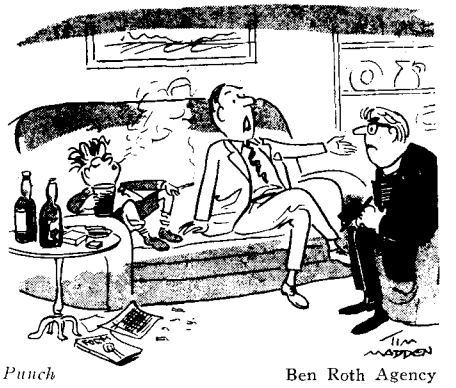
FOR THE RECORD

■ Backfield political plays, end Feb: In New York, **Jacob Javits**' expected announcement he'll run for re-election was unexpectedly far-out to doveward. **Morris Abram**, the Democrat about whom most Democrats indicated they might unite, quit in a huff as Demos' senatorial candidate, retreating all the way to the presidency of Brandeis. That leaves Reps. **Joseph Resnick** and **Otis Pike** still in the anti-Javits race. . . . In California, **Max Rafferty** has declared in against **Thomas Kuchel**, and liberal columnists are whispering that the California fatcat money may be with Rafferty despite **Ronald Reagan**'s admonition to cool it. . . . Gen. **James Gavin**'s supporters have folded shop in Boston —Gavin ceased being the darling of the liberals when he suggested we should use force, if necessary, to get back the *Pueblo*. . . . It won't be **Adlai** and **Sarge** in Illinois; Mayor **Daley** has chosen two more dependable party hacks to run for governor and senator, to make certain **Dirksen** will be re-elected. . . . **Thruston Morton** became the third GOP senator to announce he would retire this year (the others: **Frank Carlson**, Kansas; **Bourke Hickenlooper**, Iowa), to despair of the moderate (né liberal) GOP wing that was grooming him to replace the irreplaceable wizard of ooze as Minority Leader.

■ On Presidential level: Latest Gallup showing **Nixon** on par with **LBJ** (42%-42%) was the 22nd, out of 23 times, since November 1964 that Nixon has rated first among Republicans. (Exception: In Nov. 1966, just after **George Romney** won re-election in Michigan.) . . . Rep. **Melvin Laird** urges all four leading Republican contenders to enter Wisconsin primary; says he'll vote for whoever wins it. . . . Straw in the wind? National Information Center of Citizens for Reagan (Box 640, Topeka, Kans. 66601) has just opened for business, is offering Reagan backers a selection of literature, films, etc. . . . American Conservative Union head Rep. **John Ashbrook** believes Rockefeller was net loser in **Rocky-Lindsay** garbage brawl. "He disillusioned a lot of conservatives—people who wanted a winner in 1968—who were getting ready to accept Rockefeller as the man who could win," says Ashbrook. . . . Kind of interesting: The far-liberal National Committee for an Effective Congress kicked in two Gs on Nov. 8, 1967 to **Ripon Society** for "research project";



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"Look at it like this, Father—if they're going to rebel against their upbringing, why not bring them up the wrong way?"

and paid $500 to **John Saloma**, past president of Ripon, on Dec. 20 for "professional services."

■ And on the Democratic side: National Chairman **John Bailey** doing the wishful thinking bit. Says Bailey: "Supporters of **Eugene McCarthy** and members of the ADA will be standing right beside you and me [Democratic Party workers] after President Johnson and Vice President **Humphrey** are renominated this summer." . . . Mass. State Democratic Committee has okayed a list of delegates to Chicago convent that doesn't include ADA's **John K neth Galbraith**. . . . New York I supporters much heartened by vict of **Bertrand L. Podell** over peace c didate **Melvin Dubin** in special c gressional by-election in Brooklyn's 1 C.D. last week. Dubin had gotten tive support of Eugene McCarthy; dell had campaigned down the strai "all the way" line; the 13th C.D. i Reform Democrat, i.e. liberal, a

■ **NAACP** making its fund-rais pitch this year on grounds that it jects violence, that the chief victi of violence in the streets are the N groes, that it is one civil rights gr that is "both responsible and militai . . . Political goal of NAACP in '68 to register up to three million new N gro voters and induce them to v against **George Wallace**. . . . **Alexan Barkin** of AFL-CIO COPE (Commit on Political Education) says union me bers kicked in over $1 million in 19 a non-election year. Should do better '68 if AP report that the AFL-C leaders in Bal Harbour assembled thorized a "voluntary" extra assessm of a nickel for each of the organi tion's 14 million members—wh amounts to a kitty of $700,000—is tr

■ You can fool all of the people so of the time and some of the people of the time but even if you're **John Lindsay** you can't fool all of the peo all of the time, to wit: The new poll Industrial Research (Feb. 1968), wh asks: In your opinion, which man v the *Democratic* Party nominate President?

- ☐ Lyndon Johnson
- ☐ Robert Kennedy
- ☐ John Lindsay
- ☐ Eugene McCarthy

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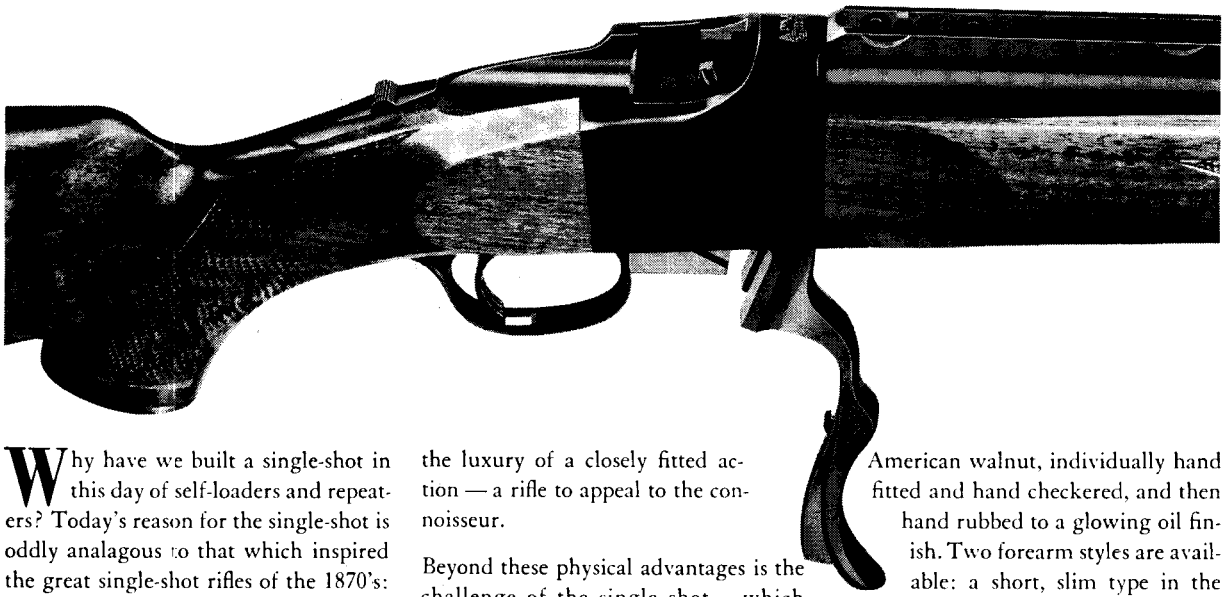

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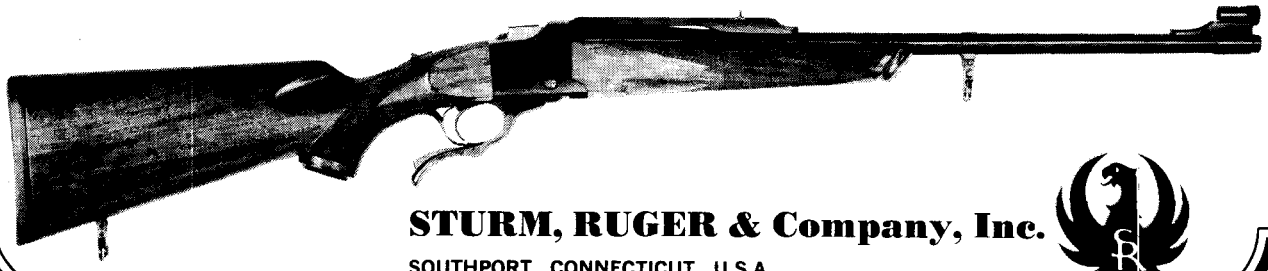

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